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Saturday Review

THE BARELY POSTHUMOUS GIDE

By JUSTIN O'BRIEN

MARCH 22, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

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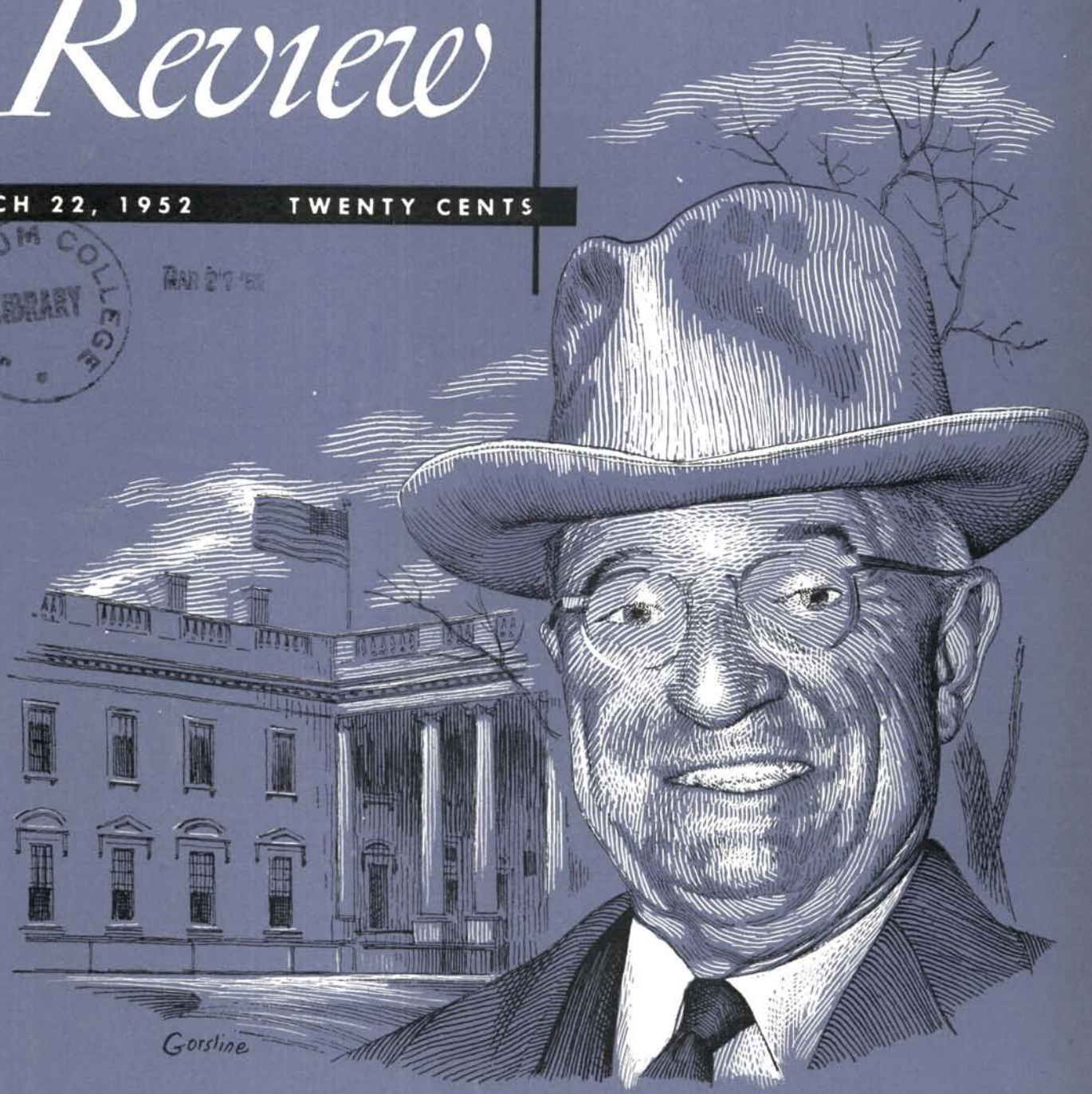

Harry S. Truman, subject of "Mr. President." *(See page 13)*

Can Writers Be Too Objective?

By CLAUDE M. FUESS

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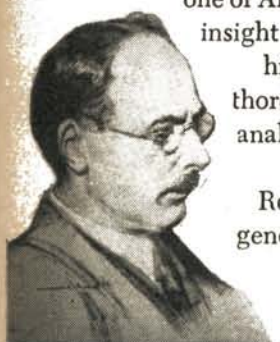

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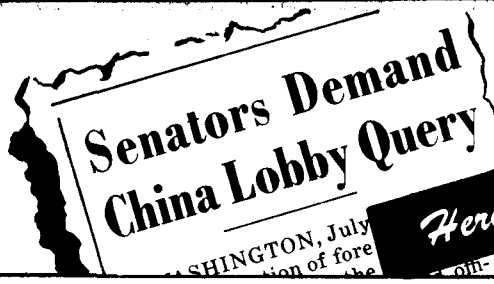

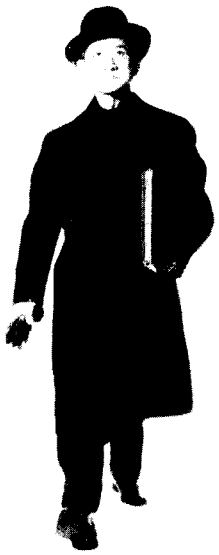

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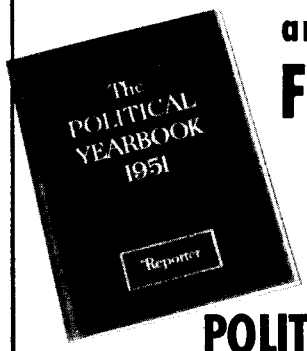

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 22, 1952

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 12, March 22, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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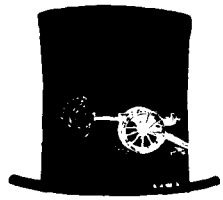
Good News

▸ Professor Howard D. Kramer of Western Reserve University, recently selected under the Fulbright program to teach American history at the University of Allahabad, has conceived an idea that will soon create a strong chain of understanding between this country and India. Aware that India is being flooded with Soviet literature and propaganda and that few Indian students have access to American literature, Professor Kramer is gathering together the "Western Reserve Collection of American History," which he will present in July to Allahabad University as the gift of the people of Greater Cleveland. The Collection will constitute a basic library of American history, some three or four hundred volumes on all phases of our national development. Each volume will be inscribed with the name of the donor. The Cultural and Education Division of the State Department will pay the shipping costs. A Cleveland publishing firm will pack the books for overseas shipment. Book dealers have offered Professor Kramer large discounts and will trade duplicate copies for volumes not yet included in the collection. The response thus far indicates that Professor Kramer's goal will be reached before his departure for India in June. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers interested in this project may address: Howard D. Kramer, History Department, Cleveland College, Western Reserve University, Cleveland 14, Ohio.]

▸ Sixty-five nations at the International Telecommunications Union Conference in Geneva have signed one of the most sweeping agreements ever reached. The agreement allocates frequencies for all the world's radio stations—from standard broadcasting stations to airplanes and ships, worldwide telegraph and telephone systems, and experimental and amateur stations. All of these were fitted into their own places in the radio frequency spectrum.

▸ In Maine the Bowdoin College chapter of Delta Upsilon has withdrawn from the national fraternity because of the fraternity's opposition to initiation of Negroes.

▸ In Seattle, Wash., the Ida Culverson House, said to be the first cooperative home for retired teachers, has begun its career of offering permanent living quarters, especially for those teachers without near relatives. The waiting list and letters of inquiry from across the nation indicate the immediate success of this venture.



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ROPE, LEAD AND RAWHIDE.. cattle bawling across an infinity of grass . . . chuckwagons lumbering alongside of starving Indians . . . vigilante committees in the saddle . . . Virginia City . . . gold by the carload. The Old West was all of these things.

Mostly, though, the Old West was *people*. Sweating homesteaders, gentle ladies from Maryland, cooks from China, rustlers from Brooklyn. Good people, bad people, all very much alive . . . and then dead—some violently—most quietly, after their allotted fourscore and ten years. Only a handful of the men and women who remember those deadly and gallant days remain alive today. This is their story, living history from the mouths of the ancients who actually made it.

Here is Riley Martin, who tells how he chose a Ranger's star for three years instead of prison stripes for five . . . Juanita Martinez, who still treasures the scalp belt of her father, the great Apache Chief, Geronimo . . . Ira Aten, last of the old Texas Rangers, who turned lawbreakers' guns against themselves . . . and twelve others whose fascinating stories are usually heard now only around fireplace and chuck wagon. This memorable volume is a living reminder of that long day when a new civilization was battling to sink its roots in Western soil.

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TRADE Winds

La Quinta, California.

I'VE COME TO COUNT ON my annual visit to the California desert to pull myself back into one piece. The other eleven months I seem—like you and you and you—to be going in several directions at the same time—at a pace that leads straight to premature heart failure. For such a life a winter vacation—if you possibly can afford it—strikes me as not only supreme good fun but mandatory from purely practical considerations. For the first week you just lie in the hot sun, feeling yourself gradually unlax. Then the energy you think you've dissipated forever slowly reasserts itself. You have a chance to rediscover your sense of values and what you're trying to get out of life—to reappraise your friends—and enemies, too.

Never underestimate the value of a couple of real enemies who hate your guts! There's nothing like them to keep you on your toes and make you do better work. Nor can any emotion quite match that of spotting a wholehearted enemy at a nearby table in a restaurant, fixing your eyes upon him, and watching him react. Whether he becomes suddenly more animated, laughing heartily at nothing at all, and raising his voice to a shout, or whether he gathers his belongings hastily and slinks off into the night, the response is equally soul-satisfying!

HOW TIME FLIES while you idle in the desert sunshine! Only yesterday, it seems, Laura Hobson promised to write five Trade Winds columns for me while I stood idly by. Actually only the first of them has reached here by the unpredictable mails. But headquarters wire that copy for the March 22 issue is due instanter! Question: Who, around this luxurious pool, can I con into doing some of the work for me? Mrs. Danny Kaye—known professionally by her maiden name of Sylvia Fine—looks like an excellent prospect. Is it true that she can bat out a first-rate rhyme in fifteen minutes flat? Reluctantly she rises to the bait—and before she can change her mind I have thrust a pad and pencil into her hand. While she toils I turn the pages of a *Chicago Tribune* Book Review that Fred Babcock has mailed me, and find a nice, long anecdote by my friend Vincent Starrett that will fill in the waiting period perfectly.

"JUSTICE IS SO SELDOM done to everybody's satisfaction in this world," observes Starrett, "and final guilt is so difficult to establish, that it is a pleasure to come upon this parable by an English writer, Major C. S. Jarvis, in which a serious effort is made to trace the real culprit rather than the obvious one:

> An oriental thief, Maj. Jarvis reports, climbed to the window of a rich merchant, with intent to break in and steal, but fell and broke his leg when the window frame came away in his hand. He brought an action for damages against the merchant, claiming compensation because the window had been badly fitted. The merchant, questioned by the judge, pointed out that the fault lay with the carpenter who had fixed the window, and the carpenter, brought to court in his turn, blamed the stone mason who had fitted the window badly in the first place.
>
> "Wallahi," cried the mason when he, too, had been arrested, "the fault is not mine, for while I was fitting the window a pretty girl passed by, wearing a dress of the most beautiful dye. She so distracted my attention that the window was not securely fastened to the wall."
>
> The pretty girl, in her turn, blamed the dyer of the dress for the mishap, rather than her own beauty, and the unfortunate dyer, having nothing to urge in his own behalf except that he had not thought his dye would produce such an effect was found guilty and sentenced to death. "Take him to his shop," said the judge, "and hang him in his own doorway."
>
> It appeared that justice at last had been done; but in a few minutes the executioners returned with discouraging tidings. "Your honor," they said, "this dyer is a tall man, as you see, and the door of his shop

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Thy body permanent,
The body lurking there
within thy body,
The only purport
of the form thou art,
The real I myself,
An image, an eidolon.

—*WALT WHITMAN*

A SHORT TIME AGO, J. David Stern, whom a lot of you will remember as the crusading former publisher of the *New York Post* and the *Philadelphia Record,* brought us the manuscript of a book he had just completed.

"This," he said, "is a philosophical fantasy. Are you interested?"

We said we were.

"Its title is *The Inevitable Improbable*. It is based on a sorites, or compound syllogism. Are you still interested?"

We began to wonder. We thanked Mr. Stern, and told him we would read his manuscript and let him know.

As soon as Mr. Stern was safely out the door, we looked up the definition of *sorites.* Webster said it was an abridged form for stating a series of syllogisms. We looked up *syllogism.* "A logical scheme or analysis of a formal argument."

Thus briefed, we took a deep breath, pulled Webster closer, and plunged into the manuscript, quite dubious and expecting anything.

But we were quite unprepared for what we found.

For Mr. Stern's book was a novel . . . one of the strangest novels we had ever read.

It explored the universe of half-known worlds, of unseen powers, of the seldom-realized common ground of science and religion.

Its story was founded on a once-in-a-billion biological chance, the validity of which Mr. Stern argued in a sorites.

* * * *

The next day, we phoned Mr. Stern, and said with some excitement, "Why didn't you tell us you had written an exciting and dramatic novel?"

"Very simple," he said. "It's not a novel. The fiction is merely coincidental."

"But it is a novel," we insisted, "and we think a great many people will be interested in reading it. We'd like to publish it."

"Good," said Mr. Stern.

"There's just one thing," we ventured.

"Yes?" said Mr. Stern.

"The title," we said.

"What about the title?" he asked.

"We'd like to change it. *The Inevitable Improbable* sounds so, so, well . . ."

"I understand," said Mr. Stern. "What do you propose to call it?"

"*Eidolon,*" we answered.

"*Eidolon,*" said Mr. Stern. "Who nowadays, reads *Leaves of Grass?* How many will know what it means? But I leave it in your good hands."

* * * *

And that was the beginning of one of the nicest author-publisher relations we've ever enjoyed. There was, for example, the conference on advertising plans for *Eidolon.* Sitting in were Mr. Stern, a couple of editors, and our adman.

The adman showed us his first draft of copy.

"Very nice," said Mr. Stern, after he had looked at it. "But I do hope that you will include my sorites as an explanation of that once-in-a-billion chance."

He handed the sorites to the adman.

"Science limits knowledge by the law of probability," the adman read. "It denies the absolute to the finite mind. Essential to the probable is the improbable, without which the probable becomes the absolute. Therefore science has committed itself to acceptance of the improbable, sometimes described as the miraculous."

"Hmm," said the adman.

"I sent that sorities to some of the world's top scientists," Mr. Stern continued, "and asked them if they considered it true or false. Their answers are interesting."

Mr. Stern dug into his briefcase, and read from a batch of correspondence. "I agree completely," wrote Werner Carl Heisenberg, discoverer of the theory of indeterminancy and a German Nobel Prize winner. "It is surely bad logic," wrote Albert Einstein. "Theoretically I think it is true," wrote Karl Taylor Compton. "It is like asking the question, 'Have you stopped beating your mother-in-law.'" wrote Robert Andrews Millikan.

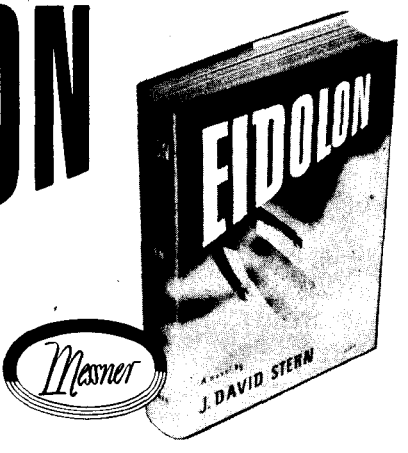
* * * *

EIDOLON admittedly is not a book which will appeal to those whose taste is for the light, the sentimental, the romantic.

But those who are interested in a work of the imagination which dares to deal with ideas beyond the level of usual thinking; those who ponder the possibility that God can be scientifically authenticated, will be stimulated, delighted, and intrigued.

A novel by J. DAVID STERN

EIDOLON



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The Incredible Italians*

*with due credit to P. M. Pasinetti, professor of literature at the University of California, who coined this phrase for his illuminating article in the First Mentor Selection of NEW WORLD WRITING, to be published next month.

ONE OF the most exhilarating aspects of the current literary scene is the vigorous body of literature which has come out of Italy since the last war.

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is so low that it is not possible to carry out your sentence."

"Go then and find a shorter dyer," said the judge sternly, "and hang *him* there."

MRS. KAYE IS STILL scribbling away, frowning fiercely. What scraps of conversation can I pick up without sacrificing my horizontal position? On my left a lady is reporting a store that she spotted on the highway near Pomona that proclaims itself "America's best-known small super-market!" "But they tell me it's not a good place to shop," adds the lady. "The self-service is terrible!" . . . On my right a character straight out of a Charles Addams cartoon is exhibiting photographs she has taken on her cross-country tour. It is her amiable custom to stop whenever she sees an automobile accident and snap pictures of it for her collection. Her prize seems to be one that shows four bodies sprawled on the highway. "And, my dear," she trumpets happily, "it must have happened the moment before we arrived on the scene, because even the state police weren't there yet!" . . . Mining executive Carl Loeb, Jr., is remarking to Jerry Devine, producer of the popular radio series "This Is Your FBI," that he has written a book in his spare time. "I called it," says Loeb, "The Isothermal Transformation of Austenite in Molybdenum Steels." "I don't think I'll read it," decides Devine. "I'll wait for the picture." . . . A blonde movie star is saying, "All you have to do to Georgie Jessel is show him a *picture* of a plate of chicken and green peas these days and he starts making a speech." . . . And an anti-Administration banker (is there any other kind?) is getting laughs by repeating plaintively to successive groups, "I'm all ready to pay my March 15 income tax, but I don't know to which jail I should mail my check." . . .

AT LAST! HERE COMES Sylvia with her poem. It turns out to be too flattering by far, but what columnist could refrain from printing honeyed—and clever—lines like these?

Intravenous Observed
or
To Vitamin B. Cerf

Dear Bennett, who gave you that shot in the arm?
That elixir of energy laced with charm,
With the ease of the angels, the poise of an actor,
The grin of a child and the drive of a tractor?
You publisher, you!
You author, too,
You well-known TV panelist
I also suspect you're a
Very good lecturer
. . . And I wouldn't be at all surprised if I woke up one morning and read that you were at the head of "those next to swim the English channel" list
It's enough to drive *me* to an analyst!

Nevertheless I'm a fan of your fun
And to pinheads who pen any pan of your pun
I cry, "What price Shakespeare, Sig Freud, J. Durante—
They are pro-punny, you're just punny-ante!"
So no matter how low
The TRADE WINDS blow,
How hoary the joke or broad,
Unequivocally
I will say for me
That given the choice, without any reservation or hesitation, I would rather die by the pun than the sword
—And I've *never* been by the Cerf *bored!*

So how did you get so energetic,
So polysyllabic, so peripatetic?
Your varied vocations, how have you planned 'em and manned 'em?
And if, as I gather, they *are* well planned,
The thing that is toughest to understand
Is how do you also do so many things at Random?

I find this verse wasn't terse at all,
And since it won't add to my purse at all
I think I'll go back and continue to sit on my fanny.
Till you tell me just what's in that vitamin,
If I hear any jokes I won't write 'em in,
Till then,
With love,
Sylvia Fine—
(also Kaye, Mrs. Danny)

WELL! THAT OUGHT to suffice until next week—except to tell you of the jubilant producer who had just heard about the preview of a bitter rival's picture at Grauman's Old Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. "It was so terrible," he exulted, "that even the footprints in the cement walked out!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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"Last year's great literary find was Boswell's *London Journey*. This year's is Friedrich Nietzsche's *My Sister and I*. And of the two this second is certainly the greater."

The San Francisco Argonaut.

"If—as the publishers clearly believe—this is a genuine Nietzsche work, it must rank as one of the greatest literary discoveries of the twentieth century." ***The Saturday Review.***

". . . a dark, tragic, terribly compelling glimpse into hell."

The Long Beach (California) Press-Telegram

"He goes back to his younger days when lust and pride ran strong in him. He grovels again in the unrepented orgies of his youth."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

". . . in between these flights of madness, his Prussian saber whirls and strikes. No sacrilege is beyond him, no insult beyond expression, no deliberate affront too great for his pen. He struggles with terrible doubts and wrestles with guilt complexes that surge from his subconscious like ugly things from the deep . . . but the flicking fingers of his wit are never far removed from the clenched fist of his furies."

Richmond (Virginia) News

". . . an absorbing story of one of the greatest tragedies of modern times. Its style is sufficient evidence of its authenticity."

San Antonio Express

". . . it opens the way for startling insight into the author's private life. The incestuous relationship with his sister Elizabeth is delineated with candid accuracy."

Greensboro (N.C.) News

"He is most coherent in his descriptions of sex . . . he devotes the great majority of passages to sexual descriptions."

Wichita (Kansas) Eagle

". . . whole libraries have been written about his work, his philosophy, his tragic medical history, and the enigma of his personal relationships . . . and now, fifty-one years after Nietzsche's death, there falls into our hands what may prove to be the key to the whole problem."

The Saturday Review

Suppressed for Half a Century

MY SISTER AND I

An Autobiography and a Way of Life

BY
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

ELIZABETH FOERSTER - NIETZSCHE who drove her great brother into the refuge of a madhouse, made it impossible for him to have normal relations with other women and whose passion for her brother probably caused her husband's suicide.

My Sister and I is an autobiography. It is also much more. As one reviewer describes it, it is really the supreme adventure of our civilization focused on the lives of one man and two fascinating, reckless, beautiful women. The struggle of these two women to establish domination over this man—one of the greatest of the world's philosophers—brings the whole maddening fabric of our world into glittering relief.

As is being pointed out by all the reviewers, MY SISTER AND I as the most important book discovery of our time.

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thanks to the partnership between ***The Meat Packing Industry*** *and the* ***Medical Profession***

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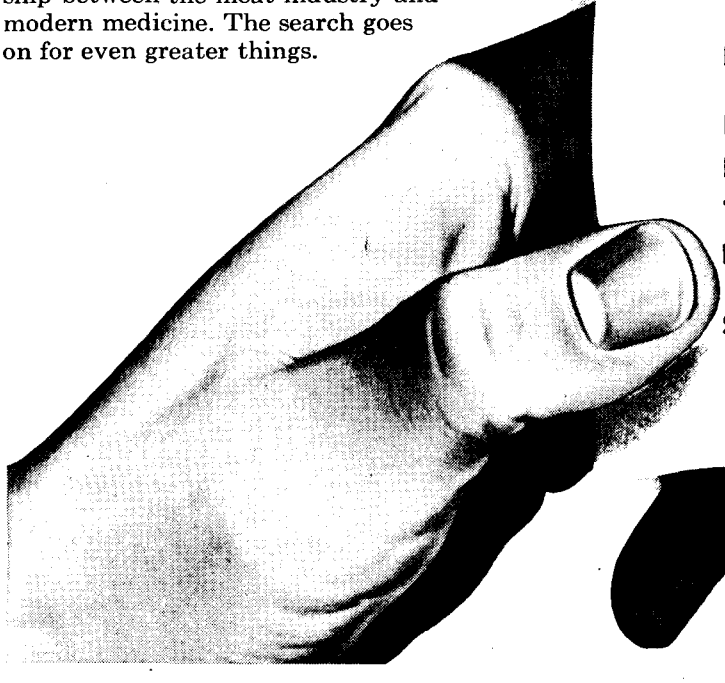
To help make them available to your doctor, the meat packing industry has elaborate facilities for saving medically important by-products. To make a single ounce of insulin, for example, pancreas glands from 7,500 pigs or 1,500 cattle must be saved and properly processed.

This list (and it is only a partial one) shows that many great discoveries have come, already, from the research partnership between the meat industry and modern medicine. The search goes on for even greater things.



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Fibrin Foam—controls bleeding during surgical operations.

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Sutures—widely used in surgery because they possess great strength; need not be removed since they are absorbed by the body.

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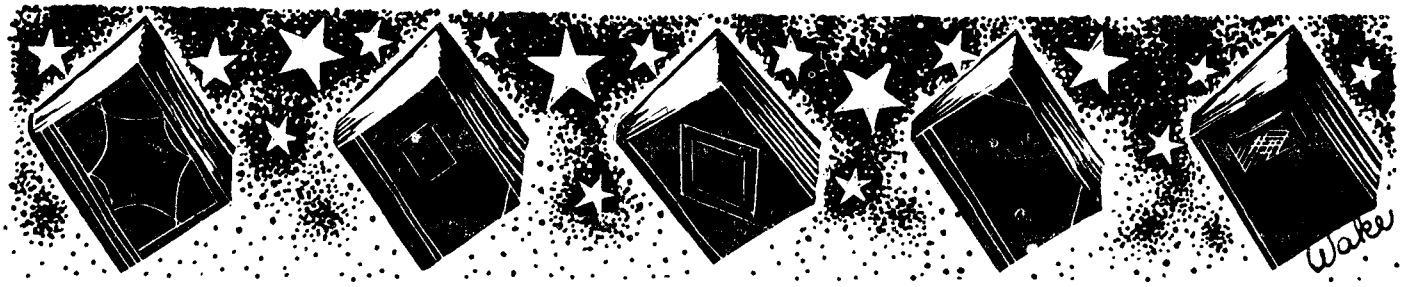

Can Writers Be Too Objective?

CLAUDE M. FUESS

—Bachrach.
Claude M. Fuess

SOMEWHERE, somehow our literature has lost its heroic register, its breadth of vision. For whatever reason, our writers have become increasingly occupied with the provincial and the trivial. Robert Graves once observed: "Great poetry is memorable—with lines and phrases that repeat themselves hauntingly. . . . Modern poetry seems to be risking the loss of the quality of memorableness." It would be difficult to select more than a dozen passages in American poetry of the last quarter century which belong legitimately among the so-called "familiar quotations." Contemporary poetry is largely esoteric, parochial, limited in its appeal, out of touch with the current conflict of ideologies. As I read it in the magazines, I am reminded of my grandmother, a charming but very deaf old lady. One morning the gashouse on the outskirts of our little village blew up with a terrific explosion which shattered virtually every window on our street. My grandmother merely looked up from her knitting, smiled graciously, and remarked, "Somebody must have dropped a plate off the pantry shelf!" With some such casual reaction our poets have heard the guns from Korea and Iran and Egypt—and then gone back to their verbal knitting!

Many of our most gifted authors, furthermore, are occupied primarily with a photographic, objective, and uncritical depiction of the sordid and abnormal. At a period when we need the respect and the consequent support of allies, potential and actual, on five continents, these writers in their books insist on telling the remainder of the world, including Soviet Russia, that we are degenerate, uncivilized, and brutal; and by a vicious selection of substantiating material they make us seem infinitely worse than we really are. What can we suppose is the reaction of a cultured Norwegian when he picks up an American novel treating sexual perversion as if it were a national pastime and corruption as if it were ubiquitous from Boston to San Francisco? How can foreigners know from our literature that we have not only slums but settlement houses, not only a few Jew-baiters but also many stalwart defenders of human rights, not only Reno divorces but also countless happy marriages, not only petty "grafters" but also honest and conscientious public officials, not only nomad "play boys" but also millions of stable, law-abiding citizens whose names are never printed in the newspapers until they die and are buried. From these morbid chronicles outsiders can derive no balanced picture of our American life. Instead they are shown with monotonous repetition our juvenile and adult delinquents, our gamblers and bandits, our raucous country clubs, and what the Victorians called grimly our "haunts of vice."

In a recent number of *The Saturday Review* an editorial listed the twenty questions most frequently asked of an American in India and the Far East. Among them were, "Why doesn't the United States have a culture of which it can be proud?," and "What is wrong with your art? Why have your artists gone in for such slavish imitation of the French abstractionists?" Norman Cousins mentioned these and other similar queries not because they had any validity but because he felt that we should be prepared to answer them "squarely and cleanly." The questions themselves reflect impressions which American writers may unconsciously have created.

IF this portrayal by Americans of our national defects were done in the mood and purposes of satire, it might conceivably be salutary. As members of the human race we are likely to be moved to self-examination when Swift makes the King of the Brobdingnagians say to Gulliver at the end of his long description of English society: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country. . . .But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." We should welcome another Juvenal or Byron or Mark Twain to castigate the follies of Our Times—the banalities of our rhymed radio commercials, the inanity of our so-called "comics," the adolescent emotionalism of our religious

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Claude M. Fuess, author and educator, is well-known for his books on Daniel Webster, Carl Schurz, and Calvin Coolidge.

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cults, our sculpture made of tin, our painted landscapes like fried tomatoes, our dance music like the grating of rusty files on a March morning. Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken and Philip Wylie have done us a lot of good. Somebody ought to come along every once in so often and show that the shining helmet of Mambrino is only a barber's basin made of brass.

My complaint is that so many of our contemporary essayists and novelists are actuated neither by the *saeva indignatio* of Swift nor the brilliant mockery of Byron, but that they have carried objectivity to the point where they are merely Laodicean. Their description is so dispassionate that it contains no condemnation. Why should not a foreigner, ignorant of the facts, accept it as the whole truth and, on that basis, indict a whole people?

It may justly be charged against our brotherhood of authors that many of them are showing only part of the picture. They illustrate in their choice of materials Pope's famous couplet:

> All seems infected that th' infected spy,
> As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.

The complaint is not that these writers deal with sorrow and disaster and the deterioration of character. Othello and Macbeth and Anthony, the tragic figures of Shakespeare, had about them something magnificent, numbing us with Aristotelian pity and terror. Even Milton's Satan was glorious in defeat. Yet these neurotics so faithfully described by some of our contemporary novelists are not noble, but rather pathetic, disgusting, and mean. Moreover they are not typical. Even in Mississippi, as I have reason to know, large numbers of simple people face misfortune with a courage which could be made heroic. I have often pictured to myself a literate citizen of Bombay deposited by some accident in a library filled with books by contemporary American writers. What impression would he get from our present list of "best sellers"? I for one am weary of reading about lust and incest and perversion, about foul crimes committed in miasmic swamps and behavior based entirely on physical desire. The American voices which thus parade our degeneracy are not those which in the present emergency serve us best, especially when their emphasis is overdone and the coloring exaggerated. The eyes of the world are focused on us for the moment. Why, at such a crucial hour, should we turn the spotlight on our shame? For my part, I could stand in these days reading about a few Colonel Newcomes and Sidney Cartons and Richard Feverels, even, if I must admit it, about one or two Sir Galahads and King Arthurs. And if sin is to be portrayed let us make it clear that, like Calvin Coolidge's clergyman, we are against it!

OUR writers have, of course, the privilege, perhaps the responsibility, of displaying what is reprehensible in our American society. I am the last one to argue for any official censorship. But if, or when, they do this they should take pains to put it in its proper relationship to the whole pattern. Furthermore, underlying what is said or described should be a consistent philosophy by which conduct may be appraised. Objectivity may in peaceful times be a commendable virtue in an artist; but the leader whom we are so desperately seeking will necessarily have his own carefully formed opinions. "How," asked Archibald MacLeish a decade ago, "can we sit back as spectators of a war against ourselves?" Or, even worse, how can we deliberately weaken our cause by making ourselves repulsive to those who might become our allies?

MacLeish said in 1940 that we in this country were being threatened by an ideology which had "one hope of success and only one—the destruction of the whole system of ideas, the whole respect for truth, the whole authority of excellence which places law above force, beauty above cruelty, singleness above number." Against another, but similar, negative and sinister ideology in 1952 we have only one sure protection—the lasting power of dynamic ideas. Our military victory achieved through force of arms may repel temporarily this peril; but the danger will break out again and again, wherever misery has reached the hopeless stage in which any change seems to offer relief. At this critical point we need to convert rather than to conquer, to convince rather than to wound and kill. We need to demonstrate in what we say and do that the conceptions of democracy and of the freedom of the individual on which our American system is theoretically based really lead to happiness, that we are actually practising in our villages and cities the lofty principles of Jefferson and Lincoln and that they have proved their superiority. Neutrals naturally judge our theories by their results. If the code which we profess leads to the consequences so luridly made visual in our motion pictures why should a thoughtful Mohammedan or Buddhist choose it in preference to his own?

Our American writers have not always sat timidly or scornfully aloof watching the whirl of great events. Holmes's "Old Ironsides," dashed off in 1830 in what he described as "an impromptu burst of feeling," succeeded in arousing a nation. Lowell's

(*Continued on page 37*)

Classroom

By Evelyn Ames

NOTHING is changed. The teacher at the blackboard,
Chalk in hand, describes unchanging laws;
The faces bent on grasping truth's equations
Are no more different from those I knew
Than any variation from wave to wave
Of fast dark water flowing between rock walls.
Yet at this desk where I sat long ago—
Not ever dreaming that there was more to hear
In what I heard—I want to cry aloud:
I am awake who once, like you, was sleeping!

Time is a fourth dimension, making clear
The nature of things one only dimly knew:
Simply to have lived the years between then and now
Is to encounter more nearly face to face
Familiar walls on which the ivy flutters,
To hear what the bells say, and read the paths
So deeply printed no grass ever grows.
For all our years are but a spiral turning—
A slow ascending around a central well
Where from each different level the same world
Is seen again anew. Some element
Flows in between our childhood and our age
Like a catalyst into a dark solution
To show us things more nearly as they are.

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Americana. *That this is a campaign year is becoming increasingly apparent in the new booklists. Last week we said something about Blair Bolles's "How to Get Rich in Washington," Raymond Moley's "How to Keep Our Liberty," and Allan Taylor's "What Eisenhower Thinks"; next month will see the publication of Raymond E. Baldwin's "Let's Go Into Politics," A. H. Vandenberg, Jr.'s "The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg," and George Stimpson's "A Book About American Politics." When Harry Truman sponsors a book about himself in an election year, suspicion immediately arises that it is a campaign document. Jonathan Daniels discusses this extraordinary volume, "Mr. President," below . . . Nearly a century has passed since the election of 1860, yet its consequences continue to provoke spirited debate. Bruce Catton's "Glory Road" (page 38), G. W. Adams's "Doctors in Blue" (page 39), and Henderson H. Donald's "The Negro Freedman" (page 40) are three recent publications destined to keep the discussion burning brightly.*

Presidential Campaign Biography

MR. PRESIDENT. By William Hillman. Pictures by Alfred Wagg. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 252 pp. $5.

By JONATHAN DANIELS

IN spite of the fact that this handsome, technicolored volume sells for five dollars in a country in which most five-dollar books are bought by Republicans, it will be widely said and fairly said on the basis of most of its content that this is the Harry Truman campaign biography for 1952. It could be that. My own feeling after reading it, however, is that it is the best and perhaps the only evidence yet available that Truman will not run again and that this book is a volume prepared in farewell by a much lambasted President who wants very much to depart with the understanding and affection of the people of the United States.

For make no mistake about it, the author of this book very clearly is Harry S. Truman. In bright color, printing, and subject matter, this book leaps to Presidential heights beyond another item in American literature which it brought quickest to my mind. That also was a book prepared under the direction of Harry Truman: "Results of County Planning—Jackson County, Missouri," published in 1931 or 1932. That brochure in many appealing pictures and some modestly confident text told what had been done in road building to get rural Jackson County out of the mud and off the old pie crust macadam. That was an effective story that a Missouri county judge felt should be effectively told. This book tells in a much more personal manner Harry Truman's own later, greater story of Harry Truman and the work which he has done as a hard-working, intensely human, deeply patriotic, nobly intentioned man in the Presidency of the United States.

Packed as "Mr. President" is with many excellent pictures, many of them in full color, it is in fact a very short book in which the text in large type runs between the pictures to less than 175 pages. Of those 175 pages, however, almost all but the interpolations—the short queries eliciting the long answers—are the work and the words of Truman himself. In direct uninterrupted narrative and exposition Hillman contributed about ten pages of the text. The rest is pure Truman. Some of that is composed of papers and speeches already published. Much of the other material here presented in direct Presidential language is very familiar in everything except the quotation marks. There is little surprising information here. But the direct quotes and the exact language of the President add much to facts already known.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Hounding Him."

There is a letter which provides full documentation of the beginning of his break with Secretary of State James F. Byrnes. The letter in which he broke with Bernard M. Baruch is presented in full. For the first time in his own words, Truman tells exactly why he wrote that letter to the music critic. Oddly, there is included in this limited selection from his papers his own memorandum about his ideas on limiting Congressional tenure which his staff announced indignantly some months ago were not his ideas at all. In the one document here presented in which he says new sharp things about a "pacifist," "dreamer," and truster of the Kremlin, the man's name is blocked out. Many readers, however, will run to what seems to them to be an inevitable identification.

Current news readers will be interested both in the passage in which he speaks in strong and direct language about corruption in government and in his own specific explanation of his relations with Tom Pendergast on the basis of which his enemies have undertaken to smear him with old corruption, too. The book, however, is basically designed to be neither highly controversial nor defensive. Essentially, it is a sort of Presidential scrap book about the President and the Presidency by a President with a native understanding of the people's interest in both the man and the institution. It includes a brief but practically complete autobiography. Indeed, there are some repetitions and reiterations of some aspects of his autobiography in the various pieces.

There is much emphasis on the President's interest in history and a clear indication that his interest in history lies in the neat lessons which those who took part in history have to teach us today. Numerous pages are devoted to sentences of homely wisdom taken from his papers, such as: "There is nothing in the world that boy couldn't have had if he had just had a teaspoon of commonsense." Finally, there is a good deal of old-fash-

Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh, N. C., News and Observer and author of "The Man of Independence," a biography of Truman, served as administrative assistant to Truman and FDR.

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ioned theology presented by a man who reports here again that he read the Bible through twice before he was twelve years old. Incidentally, in connection with the President's interest in heroes, history, and literature, he is still irritated with Charles Dickens for attaching the name of that Biblical fighting man, Uriah, to the obsequious Mr. Heep.

As a picture book about the President and the Presidency this book can only be described as dazzling. The illustrations make it a sort of well-worth-five-dollar version of a souvenir program of a whole Administration. There are not only pictures—fifty-eight of them in full color—of the President and his principal colleagues of all kinds. There are also pictures of members of the Truman family including nephews and their wives and even a grandniece. There are many pictures of the President himself from boyhood forward. Also included are pictures of Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Henry IV of France, Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland, Lincoln, Grant, all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Franklin, Moses, Shakespeare, and Mark Twain. Other illustrations include photographs of all houses occupied by the Trumans (including the White House at various periods), the Department of Justice, the Pentagon, the Jefferson Memorial, the Courthouse at Independence, Missouri, the Capitol and the National Archives Building, the statue of Jackson in Kansas City, the Descent from the Cross, the Lincoln Memorial, and facsimiles of the Constitution, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the sheet music of the opening chorus of "Floradora."

Altogether in many ways it is an amazing book, though one sometimes as diffuse and disjointed seeming as the ranging interests of Truman from music and architecture to governmental administration and military history. There runs through it all, however, a basic unity in the simple, shrewd, hard-headed, and sentimental man who has been doing his level best —which is of a pretty high order—to be the kind of President America

needs in these most difficult American years. There is an American unity, too, in the sometimes old-fashioned sounding but adequate seeming faith which this whole book expresses.

Finally, I am sure the President is entitled to full faith when he says in this book and of it to his amanuensis, Mr. Hillman: "I expect there will be those who will construe this as a political act. You and I know better." He goes on from that point to express his dissent from any ideas of the "indispensable man." In clear reference to himself he quotes comments on the retirement of Lucullus, who lived from 110 to 57 or 56 B.C., and so when he died was a good deal younger than Truman is now. That antique comment which Truman emphasizes reads:

". . . the administration of public affairs has, like other things, its proper term, and statesmen as well as wrestlers will break down, when strength and youth fail.

"Better . . . had it been for Cicero, after Cataline's conspiracy, to have retired and grown old, and for Scipio, after his Numantine and Carthaginian conquests, to have sat down contented."

That would be strange language for a man who will be sixty-eight at convention time to be using in a campaign biography. This book would not hurt Truman if he decided at last to run. But it is shaped more in terms of the graceful farewell of a man—a man who wishes to be well-remembered and who remembers well that Scipio, after victories, had troubles in the Senate-house, and that Cicero, an incurable optimist in politics, lived not only to be proscribed but dismembered. That would be a grim text for a campaign biography.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 938)

A. CRAIG BELL:
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Kings in divine right, so history tells, have come to Villers-Cotterets and left traces of a splendor that has long since perished. Alexandre Dumas père came in his turn, a king by right of genius, and Villers-Cotterets becomes eternal.

Tradesman in Beauty

DUVEEN. By S. N. Behrman. New York: Random House. 302 *pp.* $3.50.

By LLOYD MORRIS

THE art of high comedy is infrequently represented in the American theatre nowadays. Its traditional subject is the play of intelligence on social life. It has a preference for characters who are cultivated and enjoy a relative freedom from material anxieties. It haunts the drawing room. But its characteristically sprightly tone sometimes masks a sober judgment of the social scene. High comedy is the particular province of one of our most accomplished dramatists, S. N. Behrman. He has now exploited its possibilities in a biography as brilliant and delightful as his finest achievements in the drama. Like the best of Mr. Behrman's plays, "Duveen" reflects its author's subtle intelligence, urbane wit, and flair for irony. Like them also, it has a sparking surface and serious implications. In it, Mr. Behrman portrays a small segment of American society during an opulent, festive era—and the finished portrait is a little masterpiece of social satire.

"Duveen" tells the story of "the most spectacular art dealer of all time," whose amazing career was founded on the simple observation that, while Europe had plenty of art, America had plenty of money. The adroitness with which Joseph Duveen persuaded America's wealthiest tycoons to part with millions for paintings enabled him to become a monopolist and an autocrat. It also enabled him, over the years, to give away ten million dollars in public benefactions, chiefly in England, so that he was successively elevated to knighthood, baronetage, and peerage, dying as Lord Duveen of Millbank with—as Mr. Behrman puts it—"fifteen million dollars in the bank, an inventory worth ten million, and his self-confidence intact." In New York, his Madison Avenue home was always furnished with precious and beautiful objects. His technique of salesmanship required him to demonstrate to his favored clients that he lived better than they did. As a result, the contents of his home constantly changed; the best things had a way of disappearing into the collections of his guests. His New York trading post

Lloyd Morris is the author of "Incredible New York," "Not So Long Ago," and "Postscript to Yesterday: America, 1896-1946."

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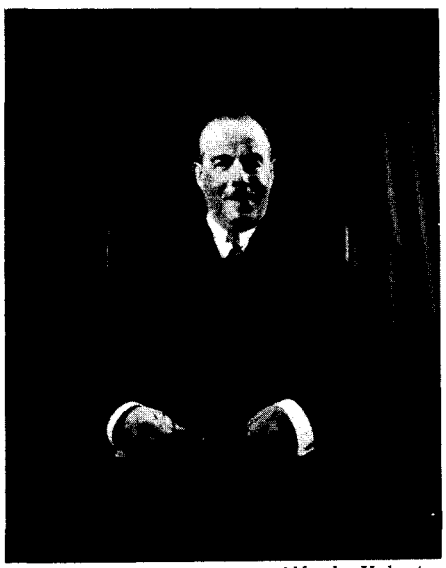
for beauty was an elegant reproduction of the wing of a Parisian building designed by the court architect of Louis XV. None of Duveen's treasures were ever displayed in its Fifth Avenue windows, and the transactions consummated in its splendid galleries were accompanied by an impressive ritual that left the purchaser sanctified, convinced that he had been the recipient of extraordinary blessings—as, indeed, he often was. For Duveen was fastidious in choosing his clients. They had to be worthy, both of his condescension in selling to them, and of the particular paintings which they proposed to acquire. "When you pay high for the priceless, you're getting it cheap," he told them, and he liked to say that, although it was a simple matter to get pictures at fifty thousand dollars apiece, to get them at a quarter of a million apiece "wants doing." Most of his clients learned that not only would they have to pay the highest prices for masterpieces, but a large premium as well for the privilege of doing so. To be a Duveen client conferred a prestige like that enjoyed, in an earlier day, by the 150 fortunate souls whose names made up Mrs. Astor's dinner-list. The list of those canonized by Duveen was even more exclusive. Its topmost rank seldom exceeded eight or ten names.

Duveen resembled some of his clients, in the earlier phases of their careers. Intent upon creating and maintaining a monopoly, he was obsessed by business and ruthless to all competitors. His object, as Mr. Behrman notes, was "to teach millionaire American collectors what the great works of art were, and to teach them that they could get these works of art only through him." The tactics he employed in this educational mission yield Mr. Behrman a treasury of astonishing anecdotes that makes "Duveen" the most diverting book of this season.

Duveen's category of greatness was founded on scarcity; nothing produced after 1800 received his august benediction. If scarcity was not actual, he often contrived it by cornering the available supply. By this method he drove the prices of Rembrandt's to incredible heights; most of his clients had operated in the same fashion on the stock market. He taught his clients a sepulchral theory of esthetics—art was something that had flowered in the remote past, and true genius was certified by death. Within this realm of illustrious shades, Duveen functioned with intuitive taste, but the degree of his scholarship remains a controversial issue. He seldom read, even the books on art collected in his valuable professional library. Once, when its custodian brought him a rare volume he had demanded, Duveen "seized it and tore out of it the pages he was after, to free himself from the encumbrance of irrelevant text." For thirty years he employed Bernard Berenson as a paid adviser on Italian pictures. In a moving but ironical chapter on Berenson, Mr. Behrman remarks that the arrangement brought Berenson "an affluence unprecedented in the world of scholarship." It also brought him a sense of frustration so bitter that, at the age of eighty-six, Berenson considered his life a total failure.

Mr. Berhman suggests that it was this same sense of devastating failure, notwithstanding their grandiose material success, that impelled American multimillionaires to devote their last years to the acquisition of art under Duveen's tutelage. In their consuming avidity there was "a hint of desperation, of loneliness, of futility, even of fear." These magnates, with their incalculable wealth, "felt the need, as they grew older, to ally themselves with reputations that were solid and unassailable and, as far as the mind could project, eternal." Some of them even craved an immortality which might result from this alliance. They obtained vicarious survival through the great public institutions which Duveen helped them to create: Huntington with the superb gallery at San Marino; Frick with the beautiful museum on Fifth Avenue; Mellon with the National Gallery at Washington. The odd, snobbish, devious-minded little tradesman in beauty managed, in the end, to make it possible "for the American people to see a large share of the world's most beautiful art without having to go abroad." Mr. Behrman's book provides a fascinating account of how he did it.



—*Alfredo Valente.*

Joseph Duveen—"spectacular dealer."

The Friendly R.R.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC. By Neill C. Wilson and Frank J. Taylor. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 272 pp. $4.50.

By Lucius Beebe

THERE is a great deal to be said for the thesis that corporate histories of business institutions should never in any circumstances be written with the company's knowledge and consent, let alone its approval and assistance, and this story of the rich, vast, and powerful Southern Pacific Railroad says it eloquently. The formula by which the approved "court biography" of carriers is evolved is standard: it traces their sturdy beginnings at the hands of far-sighted but occasionally uncouth pioneers, their robust battles for survival against competition and legislative harassment, their evolution of a social consciousness and radiant sense of responsibility, and their inevitable progress toward the millennium behind an automotive power unit sheathed in a tinfoil cartridge and known as a diesel locomotive. The court biographers of all railroads, not only the Espee but the Burlington, Santa Fe, Erie, Illinois Central, New York Central, and even the Minneapolis & St. Louis, one and all breathe heavily at the vision of the diesel locomotive. It is far and away the most difficult item on the bill of goods, including even the morals of nineteenth-century finance, that they have to sell and they wrestle manfully with it.

The gusto and glamour with which Neill Wilson invested Panamint City, most fabulous of all the authentic ghost towns of the old West, in his classic "Silver Stampede" are pretty well subdued in this strictly factual profile of the far-flung Espee. Contact with the railroad's austere respectability as manifested by its offices at 65 Market in San Francisco has inhibited its biographers. Coping with a multi-million dollar going concern which does in fact live up to its advertising slogan as "the friendly Southern Pacific" seems to have abated Mr. Wilson's native hooray. He and his colleague admit that in its heady youth the railroad was notable for kicking the peasants in the teeth, but they do

(*Continued on page* 38)

Lucius Beebe, an old railroad buff, has written a number of books about his hobby, including "Highball: A Pageant of Trains" and "Mixed Train Daily."

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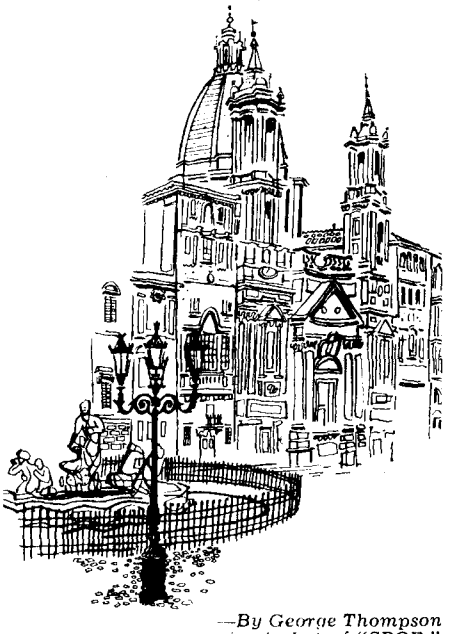
Fiction. *This week's fiction affords another opportunity to check on the progress of writers whose first work, published since the war, attracted more than usual critical attention. William Goyen's "House of Breath" was described in* SR *as "real talent goes astray"; his new short-story volume, "Ghost and Flesh"* *(page 17)**, reveals more of the talent, some of it well controlled. Harold Robbins, author of a fine novel of Jewish-American life, "Never Love A Stranger," offers a disappointing story of similar background, "A Stone for Danny Fisher" (below). Since his promising "Williwaw" Gore Vidal has been publishing with rising frequency and descending quality, a trend continued by "The Judgment of Paris"* *(page 18)**. Sigrid de Lima in "The Swift Cloud"* *(page 18)* *slips back a bit from the ground she held in "Captain's Beach." On the brighter side is the case of Paul Hyde Bonner, who after a career as a diplomat has written an amusing tale of modern Rome, "SPQR" (below).*



—By George Thompson for jacket of "SPQR."

Saga of Modern Rome

SPQR: A Novel of Modern Rome. By Paul Hyde Bonner. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 325 *pp.* $3.

By Serge Hughes

GOOD timing, this book. Spring. End of a bleak winter. Can't keep the bow tense all the time, and if you're a bit weary of tones and sober soul-searching and the latest explanations for the generally sloppy appearance of reality, this book will be welcome. Wonderful feeling for Italian summer, for opulence, for Rome. The plot and characters are not unusual, and the book will not be eagerly read at one sitting. But the characters aren't too important: the sultry duchess, the dashing secretary to the ambassador, lovable keen old Monsignor Walsh. Nor does it matter whether they be heroes or villains. The plot isn't important, either. There are spies, murders, Communists, intrigues everywhere, in cafes, rectories, and bedrooms; and the cops get the bad 'uns and the hero gets the girl.

What is refreshing about the book is the feeling of cultured indolence in which cocktail dialogue is tossed off as gracefully as the insults exchanged by two well-bred ladies. The rule, apparently, is that activity should never degenerate into work, and consequently in the novel no idea is considered so weighty as to give the reader pause. Ideas are used to sharpen passions, occasionally to make things just a bit more melodramatically exciting. Fascism, Communism, the problem of agricultural reform in Southern Italy, the Roman clergy, are all dealt with in the deft, urbane style of a *New Yorker* report.

It is the atmosphere which makes the novel worth reading. In these days of low-ceilinged rooms, bloated furniture, centrifugal conversations, bureaucratic leveling, it is a relief and a solace to read about other types of phonies, the kind that live in old Renaissance palaces in Rome, where the ceilings are very high. There, women who speak several languages can be seen dressed in exquisitely tasteful clothes, surrounded by flocks of culture vultures ever eager to dissect a fashionable intellectual, say, Sartre (whom the Italians, we are told, thoroughly detest). In that circle, the pretense can be maintained of still living in an acknowledged hierarchic society.

The love story runs a poor second in interest to the atmosphere and mood of the novel. Nothing in this love story matches the portrayal of opulence and genius for compromise in which Roman society flourishes. The soul-searching of Heroine Number 2, for example, uncertain as to whether her heart belongs to Italy or America, is as convincing as the protestations of your friend who insists on taking the check. And just as embarrassing is the soul-searching of Heroine No. 1 before she decides to allow the hero to forget her. Incidentally, the most delightfully wooden character is the omniscient American ambassador: that mahogany really shines!

Since the time of Stendhal, writer-diplomats have shown a weakness for Rome. Mr. Bonner has done his bit in justifying their constant interest. He has written a very readable, lighthearted biography of a fascinating circle in a mad, sad, glad, but not so bad city. The Romans will like it and no doubt will go around roman-a-cleffing like mad.

Society's Failure

A STONE FOR DANNY FISHER. By Harold Robbins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 403 *pp.* $3.95.

By Louis Falstein

"NOTHING goes right for us, Danny," Nellie says to her husband. "Trouble, always trouble . . ."

Trouble started much earlier for Danny; in fact, it started on his eighth birthday when his father "bought him" a fine house and they moved to Brooklyn and Danny fell into a pit and a couple of youngsters called him "Jewboy" and he didn't know how to fight back.

Trouble dogged his footsteps when his father lost the drugstore and they were forced to move to Delancey Street and Danny, who mourned the loss of "his house," took up with a bunch of toughs hoping to make a buck to help out at home where food was scarce. But now Danny knew how to fight back, he had dynamite in both his fists. This brought on more trouble because Maxie Fields, the racketeer, said there was One Grand in it for Danny if he threw the finals in the Gloves tournament. Danny said okay, he'd do it because his father was in trouble and needed the dough to open a drugstore.

Danny took the money but he didn't throw the fight, and this meant more trouble; Maxie Fields and his goons were after him. But Maxie'e prostitute, who liked Danny—the women all liked him—hid him in a shack near Coney Island, where he stayed out of trouble, for just a short while.

When Danny returned to the old neighborhood because he wanted to

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see Nellie Petito, a *shiksah* whom he loved and later married, new trials awaited him. In fact, his troubles ended only when Maxie Fields and his goons put Danny away for good with a few well-aimed bullets.

Poverty, juvenile delinquency, and crime have been written about extensively in the past two decades. In "Knock on Any Door" Willard Motley dramatized the plight of Nick Romano, whose tendencies toward decency were ground down by a cynical society. Nick, like Danny, started out as society's victim before he became its enemy. For Nick Romano, however, there wasn't any way out; doom and defeat were implicit almost from the very beginning. There is no such inevitability in Danny's downfall. Mr. Robbins, who wrote about slum life before in "Never Love a Stranger," depends too often on accident and plotting. When it suits his purpose Danny is a meek soda jerk whose small pay is supplemented by Home Relief. Elsewhere, Danny becomes a Big Time Operator, on the point of cornering the black market in cigarettes. One suspects that Danny is often no more than a tool, a means for the author to show his considerable knowledge of the seamy side of life. Yet, he occasionally comes to life.

The story is told in the first person by Danny Fisher, who speaks to us from his grave. Although this is sometimes disconcerting to the reader, the technique serves the author well. His character sees and hears everything, enters people's minds, interiorizes for them, lapses into poolroom jargon, uses faulty English, and in the next moment describes the beauties of nature in meticulous prose.

Those who like sex and violence in large portions will find "A Stone for Danny Fisher" their dish.

The Lower Depths

GHOST AND FLESH. By William Goyen. New York: Random House. 183 pp. $2.75.

By William Peden

WILLIAM GOYEN'S short stories exhibit the same qualities which made his recent literary debut (with the novel "House of Breath") an exciting one: intelligence and sensitivity, an intense and sometimes florid imagination, and an extreme preoccupation with form and language. At their best these stories possess a magical quality rare in contemporary fiction which marks this Texan as one of the strikingly talented young writers of the last decade.

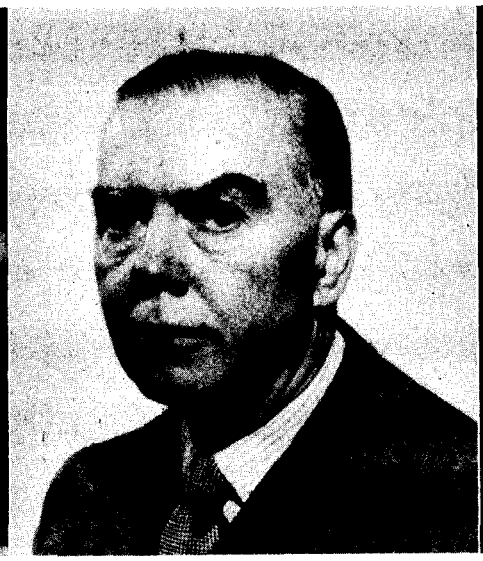
Most of Mr. Goyen's eight stories have in common a kind of continuous theme.

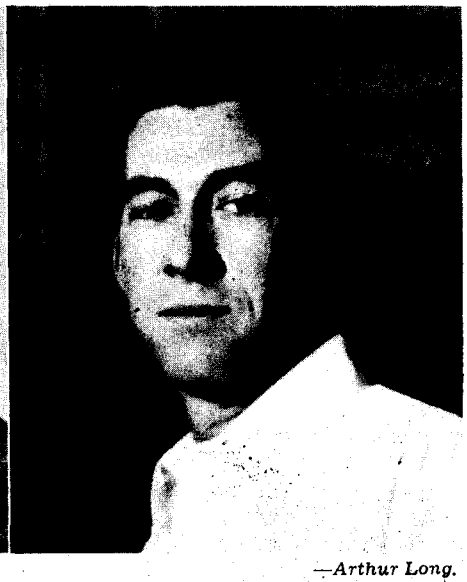
The author examines the problem of the nature of reality in terms of a never-ceasing conflict between the present and past, between the visible and the invisible. His characters are enslaved by the past. They are dominated or victimized by the past and by the tyrants of sex, atavistic terrors, and tradition. Their problem is the need to effect some satisfactory compromise between the past and the now, to accept as fact that now and the past, life and death, are dominant factors in a continuous chain of being which is existence. "Us humans," as the central character of the title story muses, "are part ghost and part flesh but I think maybe the ghost part is the longest lasting and I believe the real right way is to take our ghost or flesh as they come; and be what each wants us to be." The author concerns himself with deviators from the norm, spiritual derelicts, wanderers and refugees from life and the past. Characters like Boney Benson of "A Shape of Light," who, like a skeleton-headed ghost on a purple horse, flees reality in search of the people of the night. Or Old Mrs. Women, Sister Sammye, and Little Pigeon of the fine story "The Letter in the Cedar Chest," a trio of the spiritually damaged who find their reality in an isolated house, two old ghosts and the sweet Little Pigeon.

Mr. Goyen occasionally apes too sedulously the manner and method of a composite author whom we shall call Thomas Wolfe William Faulkner Katherine Anne Porter. During these periods of fixation his fondness for language results in a lush, impassioned rhetoric; his concern with form becomes an annoyingly contrived barrier to understanding; his lack of humor results in such grotesqueries as the screaming flight from reality of the protagonist of "Nests in a Stone Image" and his pompous declaration, "I am dismembered and unmanned. Oh when will this ghost rise out of my flesh and let me be still?"

Perhaps it is because of this occasional "fine" writing and unnecessary technical complexity that one of Mr. Goyen's simplest stories, "The Grasshopper's Burden," appears by contrast so powerful and so memorable. This masterly story of the monster child sitting majestically on the tinseled throne of an emptied school building disturbs the imagination and haunts the memory. Even the special odor of corruption which Mr. Goyen's stories exhale is here a vital narrative element, as necessary as situation or character.

—Henry L. Albert.





—Arthur Long.

Harold Robbins, Paul Hyde Bonner, William Goyen—"can't keep the bow tense all the time."

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Plundered Myth

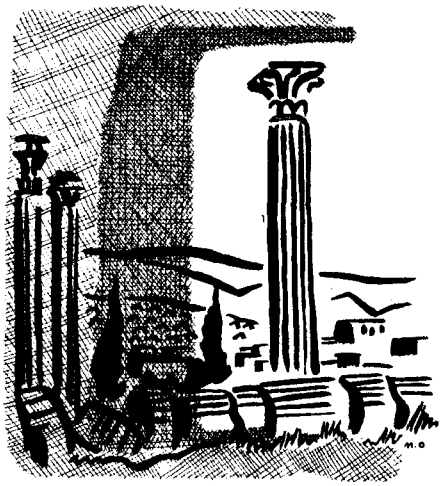
THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. By Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 375 pp. $3.50.

By MILTON CRANE

THE notion of plundering classic, Teutonic, or Norse mythology to lend stature and significance to chronicles of a less heroic age is hardly new; and, although T. S. Eliot suggested in his celebrated essay, "'Ulysses,' Order and Myth," that this was a useful way "of making the modern world possible for art," it is a method that cannot, of itself, guarantee success. And if the myth does not coincide perfectly with the novelist's theme, it is difficult to understand what purpose it serves at all.

Gore Vidal's seventh novel, "The Judgment of Paris," employs, without much conviction, the story of Paris, Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite for the account of a young American's grand tour of Italy, Egypt, and France. His hero, Philip Warren, has given himself a year in which to determine his future course. In Rome he meets the Americans Rex and Regina Durham, and soon becomes Regina's lover. She, who has been responsible for her husband's successful political career, is anxious to have Philip become her newest protégé (Regina-Hera-power), and ultimately (350 pages later) confesses that she loves not him but the power she hopes to wield through him.

In contrapuntal relation to this episode is the inconclusive story of Philip's relations with a remarkably tedious pair of homosexual dilettanti, who embroil him in a most obscure



scheme to restore the House of Savoy. One member of the pair, Lord Glenellen, presently reappears as a Communist and, still later, in Paris, as a kind of Aleister Crowley, celebrating the rites of the divine Augustus-Augusta.

From Rome and Hera, Philip goes to Cairo and Sophia, an unengaging archeologist who is Mr. Vidal's Athena. If power has not been able to enchant Philip, wisdom is even less successful. And the novel comes to its climax in Paris, where Philip rediscovers one Anna, whom he has met in Cairo. Anna, of course, is Aphrodite, and a final comparison of Anna's charms with those of Regina and Sophia convinces Philip that love is preferable to power and wisdom. No doubt he is right. But one is at some disadvantage in judging this question, for Mr. Vidal has not chosen to characterize either Sophia or Anna to any appreciable extent, and one is left with the feeling that Philip's dealings with his second and third goddesses are little more than appendages to the first and most substantial part of the novel.

This odd story is interspersed with numerous philosophical musings and dialogues, which Mr. Vidal has possibly justified by telling us:

"As the reader has noticed, Philip has a tendency to drift off into abstract discussions which makes him, in many ways, the perfect protagonist for a novel since he can be counted on to get himself, at a moment's notice, into deep waters, or what are to him deep waters: the dangerous shallows of the vast sea of philosophy where many a young man's brave ship, to pursue this metaphor to its end, has run aground on the shoals of dialectic." Or, to pursue the metaphor a little beyond its end, where the brave ship has been beset by still graver perils: the Scylla of excessive self-consciousness and the Charybdis of preciosity.

Fingers That Grieve

By Katharine Day Little

WE said to the sun, be silent
we said to the moon, be still
cease to carve with your frosty chisel
the great oak on the hill.

To the sun we begged for mercy,
no gold no gold, throw down
no gold on the budding meadow,
it is useless moon to drown

in your lucent sea the clover
the horn of the columbine—
while the heart's long fingers uncover
the withered grape on the vine.

Fiction Notes

THE SWIFT CLOUD. By Sigrid de Lima. Scribner. $3. In concept Miss De Lima's second novel marks an advance from her first, "Captain's Beach." In style, method, execution, or whatever you may call it, there is no advance, and with Miss De Lima's particular weaknesses that does not mean holding her ground, but slipping back a little.

"Captain's Beach" was vague. Its theme could not be grasped except by divination. The theme of "The Swift Cloud" is clear and profound: the complex and subtle nature of guilt. She is balancing exoneration from a circumstantial appearance of guilt against an inner, spiritual self-conviction of guilt.

The simple story constructed as its vehicle also is worthy of a master hand. Yet this is the unusual case in which the statement of the barest outline is better than the full development in which it is clothed.

Clyde Cassen has an idiot son, a grown boy. The son is dead under circumstances that suggest murder by his own father. Clyde is arrested, and by the time it is shown that he is not guilty of a murder, he has come, in his own heart, to accept guilt for it.

This is the stuff of a great book. It is not surprising—and certainly not much of a reproach—that a very young writer has lacked the maturity and control to handle it.

Miss De Lima is still writing of the sort of "never-never land" which is a common trap for youthful imagists or sensitive stylists. Often the places and people in such writing are not quite real. It is not a satirist's world, or the world of fantasy, both of which have solid anchors in the real. Miss De Lima writes, as before, of a "made up" world in which the emotions, the actions, the ideas, the motives are jumbled and blurred, showing flashes that are real, but never coalescing into a clear, recognizable, significant picture of life. The special requires the paste of the common to hold its parts together. But *everything* in Miss De Lima's writing seems special, and accordingly remote, isolated. Where am I? Who are these people? her reader must wonder.

I feel that Miss De Lima is not working with genuine spontaneity, but is choking her writing by straining to be "literary" or "fresh." The result is only to make it "fancy."

—EDMUND FULLER.

THE GIFTED. By Roswell G. Ham, Jr. Crown Publishers. $3. According to Mr. Ham, his first novel is "a cross-

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section of a group of people, and a work of fiction." He has a scheme: "The Gifted" is divided into three parts which (a) fill in the family backgrounds and bedroom habits of ten Ivy League personalities now settled down (?) in the fashionable part of Chicago; (b) report the reshuffling of all romantic and marital relationships during a game of Sardines played at a 1951 New Year's Eve party; (c) provide a key-hole view of the pregnancies, deaths, and revised moral codes that occur in the party's aftermath. And he has a theme: "The indifferent are the spawn of the good and the bad. The outcasts. . .They're very tempting. They're given all sorts of material advantages. They're loaded with freedoms. But they have no responsibilities at all. They're spared even the realization of such stuff. Of morality, decency, kindness—any of these things. They're condemned as well as cast out. But so luxuriously ndemned, so as not to know they're condemned. And not by God, either. They're condemned not to care, or even wonder, whether there is a God . . .It was better to be two-thirds bad than indifferent to any degree."

Mr. Ham's publishers assert that he speaks for eternal youth at the crossroads and that he breaks sharply with the negativistic, cruel, and hopeless novelists who have preceded him. This, on the face of it, would seem to be sheer nonsense. Mr. Ham writes well and evocatively, in the staccato nothing left-unsaid style of advertising copy. He knows how undergraduates in the Right Schools talk and look, and he has a pretty informed guess as to what these same privileged boys and girls are headed for in their thirties. One guesses that the sharpness of these vignettes of college, Army, family, marriage, and male vs. female are the result of prolonged, careful study. But "The Gifted" never arrives as a probing social document about Eternal Youth or Indifferent Adults. Despite the author's effort to give his characters the lineaments of people you might know, they remain atypical—a group of bawdy, aphrodisiacal Chicago aborigines willingly exhibiting themselves in an erotic peep-show. Who can love them? Neither the author nor the reader, united in mute embarrassment.

—JAMES KELLY.

THE QUIET GENTLEMAN. By Georgette Heyer. Putnam's $3.50. When Gervase St. Erth returns from the Napoleonic wars to assume his earldom, his ferocious looking half-brother exclaims, "The fellow's nothing but a crust dandy!" Nearly everyone in the

(*Continued on page* 44)

Ideas & Studies.

The land, it was contended by the Physiocrats, is the basis of all wealth. Jacquetta Hawkes, the archeologist, naturalist, and poet who wrote "A Land" (reviewed on page 20*), would contend that it is much more. Using her native British Isles as an example, she develops the thesis, poetically but on the whole with a careful regard for facts, that the nature of the British land determined to a large extent the biology and history of the British people. Since the war, land in all parts of the globe has been carefully studied by a school of New Malthusians, who contend that disaster will overtake the human race if it does not control its birth rate. The case was provocatively urged in William Vogt's "The Road to Survival" and in Fairfield Osborn's "Our Plundered Planet." In "The Geography of Hunger," reviewed below, Josué de Castro of the University of Brazil offers an effective rebuttal.*

No Need for Malthusianism

THE GEOGRAPHY OF HUNGER. By Josué de Castro. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 337 *pp.* $4.50.

By RUSSELL LORD

DR. DE CASTRO is on the staff of the Institute of Nutrition at the University of Brazil. In this fervent retort to the "New Malthusians" he selects William Vogt, whose "Road to Survival" was published in 1948, as his chief antagonist. He arrays evidence, some of it new, to show that, although three-fourths of the world's people now go hungry, such conditions of malnutrition and famine are by no means inevitable or incurable.

On the contrary: "The world has at its disposal enough resources to provide an adequate diet for everyone everywhere. . . . The road to survival, therefore, does not lie in the neo-Malthusian prescriptions to eliminate surplus people, nor in birth control. Such defeatist and disintegrative conceptions can only point the way to death, to revolution and to war—the road to perdition."

William Vogt was chief of conservation for the Pan-American Union when he wrote his "Road to Survival." He went so far as to advocate granting Marshall Plan money abroad only to nations that would administer accompanying steps toward birth control. Now he is head of the Planned Parenthood League with offices in New York.

Not only Catholics will welcome and read with sympathy Dr. De Castro's warmly humanitarian rejection of a scientific dogma which holds at its most cold-blooded that famine and a high death rate may be regarded with calm, if not with approbation, if this happens to other people, people of the backward sort. It is easy for the well-fed to shrug off the desperate hunger of others, and regard it as inevitable, when actually the conditions imposing death and deprivation may be rooted not in soil or climate but in colonial or exploitative imperialistic politics. Sir John Boyd-Orr makes that point grimly in his foreword. Dr. De Castro, following through hotly, lays the charge at our own door in respect to the exploitative monoculture, as to sugar, that we have imposed on Puerto Rico.

In his rebuttal to Malthusianism the author revives from the past another "intuitive" lay prophet, Thomas Doubleday, who declared in 1853 that "The True Law of Population" lies in the fact that the poor and ill-fed have the most children. Hunger, then, is not the result of overpopulation; overpopulation is the result of hunger. Carrying this argument forward, the author invokes recent experiments

Russell Lord is editor of The Land. *He is the author of "The Agrarian Revival" and other books.*

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which are said to indicate that rats richly fed, with a high protein diet, are less fecund than rats meanly fed. Then he undertakes to establish a like point as to human population pressures by arraying a list of countries in which births increase as protein intake declines. Sir John Orr mentions this contention in the foreword; yet I suspect that, as a stockman, he is leery of it. Missouri experiments with livestock by Dr. William A. Albrecht have, I am told, shown quite the opposite. In any event I am left with the feeling that in seeking to support a neo-Doubledayian hypothesis to confound the neo-Malthusians Dr. De Castro has put too ardent a faith in the observed responses of a few rats.

His marshaled statistics and observations on the astonishing amount of undeveloped land still open in some of the most crowded and malnourished of countries are distinctly more impressive; and so are his chapters on the production potentialities of lands now occupied but misused. "The Geography of Hunger" is a brave book, strikingly and hopefully written, and a needed makeweight to prevailing lamentations and prophecies of doom.

The British Isles in Stone and Bone

A LAND. By Jacquetta Hawkes. New York: Random House. 248 pp. $3.75.

By KENNETH K. LANDES

THE jacket tells us that Mrs. Hawkes is not only the wife of an archeologist, but a contributing archeologist in her own right. She is also a recognized poet. Not told us, but obvious to the reader, is that she is a naturalist, or perhaps better, a paleo-naturalist, with an enthusiam for the life of the past that is a wonder to behold. It is the poet, the artist at painting word pictures, with a solid background in geology, paleontology, and archeology, who wrote this book.

"A Land" is a story of the British Isles, how they developed geologically and biologically. The pulsations of submergence and sedimentation, followed by mountain building upheaval and igneous activity, are described, from the pre-Cambrian to the present. The history of life, from the Cambrian trilobites to prehistoric man, is vividly portrayed. Lastly, the waves of settlers from other lands are discussed.

A major theme throughout is the control exercised by geological environment on exploration, settlement, and occupation. Mrs. Hawkes rightly emphasizes the role played by the distribution of soils and ores in the human history of Britain.

The Law of Stratification, fundamental to the geologic interpretation of sedimentary layers, is illustrated with such simplicity that one wonders if Mrs. Hawkes is not indulging in a bit of leg-pulling:

"If instead of one apple falling on the head of Sir Isaac Newton a heavenly orchard had let tumble a rain of fruit, one of the greatest of men would have been overwhelmed and then buried. Anyone examining the situation afterwards in a properly scientific spirit, clearing the apples layer by layer, would be able to deduce certain facts. He would be able to prove that the man was there before the apples. Furthermore, that the blushing Beauty of Bath found immediately over and round Sir Isaac fell longer ago than the small swarthy russets that lay above them. If, on top of all this, snow had fallen, then the observer, even if he came from Mars, where they are not familiar with these things, would know that apple time came before snow time."

When it comes to describing some of the creatures of the past, Mrs. Hawkes soars to her greatest heights of imagination. Whereas the staid paleontologist is content to find out if a creature has sex, Mrs. Hawkes wonders if it has glamour as well! Thus, after describing the Archeopteryx, clumsy but none the less airborne Jurassic ancestor of the modern bird, she writes:

"Inevitably the senses are demanding of the imagination, 'Has it color?' But the imagination, with no more to work upon than a poor tangled skeleton lying among delicate tissues of feather impressions in the gray monochrome of the limestone, admits itself defeated. Had the excitement and rivalry of courtship as yet caught up the chemical constituents needed to color feathers—at least enough to put a gleam of red or blue into that narrow crest? Had the jubilation of successful mating and the prospects of lagoon and sky gained from the tree-

(*Continued on page 34*)

"I should think she'd be ashamed to let people know the poor quality of her teaching!"

Kenneth K. Landes is chairman of the geology department of the University of Michigan. His books include "Physical Geology and Man" and "Geology and Man."

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—By Berthold Mahn from "Hommage à André Gide."

André Gide on his deathbed.

The Barely Posthumous Gide

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

A LITTLE more than a year ago, on February 19, 1951, André Gide died in Paris. Those of us fortunate enough to have seen him during the last weeks of his life marveled at the physical and intellectual vigor of the eight-one-year-old writer. I remember a January afternoon when he was being filmed in his Rue Vaneau apartment for four hours under the blinding Klieg lights with but a single half-hour break, during which he entertained us with anecdotes of his youth. And even then he would not let me leave for dinner until we had shared a half-bottle of Cinzano. A week later, in a projection-room on the Champs Elysées, I saw the unedited film sequences run off to the accompaniment of joking comments from a cloaked and beaver-hatted Gide beside me. But most vividly of all, because it was our last meeting, I recall that bright February morning when, a few hours before plane time, I called to say a farewell that I knew might be definitive. The tall Gilbert, his faithful domestic servant and chauffeur, was shaving him as he sat at a small table littered with papers. During the operation he continued to smoke a nervous cigarette. Through lathered lips he enthusiastically described the villa near Naples where he planned to finish the winter, now that his doctor had forbidden a projected trip to Marrakech.

He talked of the unfinished manuscript on the table between us, likening it to Montaigne's "Essays" and boasting that he had at last managed to write something quite spontaneously without even rereading his prose. We discussed writers (I had just had interviews with Montherlant and Marcel Aymé) and certain literary reviews (he admired *La Table Ronde* while finding it too much dominated by the spirit of François Mauriac). He talked of his attractive daughter's intellectual growth and promised to have his nephew send me some photographs and a privately printed book. As I suggested leaving, since he doubtless had other things to do, he detained me though admitting: "I *always* have other things to do."

A fortnight later Berthold Mahn was sketching his death mask in the same room, and Gide's posthumous life had begun. The past year has naturally produced in France a flood of recollections of the man and the writer. Whereas such memoirs had long been expected to pour forth at his death, no one counted on them to contain revelations. For, in his lifelong cult of sincerity, André Gide had long ago told the essential facts about himself, dominated, as Roger Martin du Gard noted in 1920, by "the need he feels of legitimizing his conduct by analyzing and explaining it, by seeking its underlying causes. Not for the satisfaction of proving that he was right to act as he did, but because he claims the right to be as he is and because, being as he is, he could not act otherwise."

Together with the "Journals," the Socratic dialogues of "Corydon" and the memoirs entitled "If It Die" left nothing but the details to be filled in by others. Gide once planned and left unfinished a preface for the memoirs to explain why he published them in his lifetime. It said: "I have no confidence in posthumous publications. The devotion of parents and friends is skilful in camouflaging the dead, and I hold that very few of them, if they were to return to earth, would not have occasion to protest against the zeal that retouches and hides, or adds to, their features. I believe that it is better to be hated for what one is than loved for what one is not."

"Et nunc manet in te," by André Gide, which appeared in Switzerland a few months ago, is not precisely posthumous, since thirteen copies of it were privately printed and distributed to friends in 1947. Arnold Naville even listed it in his scholarly bibliography, to the exasperation of those who could not find it anywhere. "And now she remains in thee" is the way Gide understood the title, borrowed from the Vergilian "Culex," implying that his wife lived on solely in his memory. It is a beautiful essay of less than a hundred pages, at once self-accusing and self-excusing, which recounts the tragedy of his conjugal life. Most of the details of that intimate drama could already be read between the lines, where Gide deliberately wrote them, of his other personal writings. We already knew of the puritanical youth's marriage in 1895, shortly after his first homosexual experience and the death of his mother, to the first cousin he had loved since early childhood. As a middle-aged man he had referred to it as a marriage of heaven and hell. We had noted the pseudonym of Emmanuèle that he had given to Madeleine out of

(*Continued on page* 41)

Justin O'Brien, professor of French at Columbia University, translated the four volumes of Gide's "Journals"; he is now writing a critical study of Gide and translating "Et nunc manet in te" for Alfred A. Knopf.

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The Saturday Review

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New Materials for Writers

EVERY now and then some critic interested in contemporary writing and the poverty of the themes used by our novelists sticks his neck out in suggesting that our postwar boom offers subjects for fiction unrivaled since Theodore Dreiser wrote "The Financier" and "The Titan." These novels were drawn from his study of the Chicago tycoon Charles T. Yerkes, who appears in them as Frank Cowperwood, and from his investigation of the dynasties of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Flagler, and Frick. All of them, he believed, were conspiring to enslave the masses. There is no reason to bemoan the loss of these picturesque buccaneers and others of their kind as source material for writers. The financial crash in 1929 and the depression that followed put an end to the dynastic ambitions of men whom Theodore Roosevelt had labeled "malefactors of great wealth."

People who have followed in the press the financial scandals of our own day or who will take the trouble to read a recent book reviewed here last week, Blair Bolles's "How to Get Rich in Washington," sardonically subtitled "Rich Man's Division of the Welfare State," can discover a host of fascinating characters whose activities have robbed the taxpayer in five or six years of more money than Frank Cowperwood could have conceived in his most opulent dreams. It is not necessary for the writer to penetrate the privacy of millionaires or to break into Wall Street's towering walls. The control of wealth and the power that goes with it have moved from Wall Street and the stock exchanges of other great cities to Washington. Congressional and other public investigations of financial barns from which the horse has been stolen offer all of the evidence and the material, including word portraits and histories of the malefactors, that any writer could wish for. It was an historic day when J. P. Morgan was induced to testify before Congress, made all the more memorable when a dwarf perched on his lap. Today everybody testifies except Wall Street bankers, who are no longer necessary for investigations into the mysterious loss of billions of the people's money.

In 1948, Mr. Bolles explains, there was an illusion that private enterprise was firmly re-established as the irrevocable American way. Unfortunately, there was not enough money available in all of our Wall Streets to supply a steady stream of private capital for investments in old or new enterprises. Washington had put up most of the billions necessary for the development of our war economy. The losses due to extxravagant and careless bookkeeping were fabulous but excusable; the enormous job had to be done in a hurry. But the war years had taught the middlemen, the lawyers, the friends of the Government servants who had control of the distribution of vast sums of money, how to get rich in Washington.

When the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which had been set up during the Depression to spark the dying American economy, was reestablished by Congress it contained a clause "in the interest of the general public" which abolished the restriction of loans to private lending institutions, and opened the barn door wide to loans "to maintain the economic stability of the country and to assist in promoting maximum employment and production." "The RFC directors," Mr. Bolles writes, "took the law as a mandate to make good loans and bad at a furious rate; by their reading of the law they satisfied the 'public interest' whenever they lent money to small business whether or not it was on the verge of bankruptcy, or promoted employment by keeping alive some industry of doubtless efficiency that had five or more persons on the payroll." One of its beneficent results to what used to be known as private enterprise was that private lending instutions unloaded their sour investments on the Treasury.

THE revised RFC was a bonanza not only to a snake farm in California, a gambling house in Reno, or the owners of dying oil wells in Texas, but to some of our largest corporations, now controlled by salaried managers instead of the owner tycoons of Dreiser's day. Another form of the distribution of public wealth was the hurried attempt to put into private hand billions of dollars' worth of surplus war goods scattered around the world, including the sale of American blood plasma at fourteen cents a unit to a Chinese merchant who promptly resold it for thirty-five dollars a unit as a new "male rejuvenator." The revised RFC enabled ambitious young men with only a handful of change in their pockets to start a prosperous business and often through sheer carelessness handed over millions to established businesses and large corporations. The "independent agencies," like the Maritime Commission, were victimized by companies which had discovered how to evade the law and get money for private enterprise. Enormous ship subsidies were handed out to thirteen companies whose net worth was increased by three millions.

If the figures furnished by Mr. Bolles and others are fabulous, so are some of the people involved in getting hold of Government wealth. They include the little men who came to Washington to get anything they could lay their hands on, the go-betweens, the exalted friends of more exalted officials, baffled and angry Senators and Congressmen, and the heads of small and large departments who erred in trusting subordinates or friends, or who through stiff-necked pride of office refused to hear or see anything evil about the outrageous behavior of their subordinates. There are women in the story, too, and not only those who received mink coats from grateful employers. Here they are ready for the American writer who has imagination and the capacity for a little research. What could another Dreiser or a Dickens or Balzac have made of them! —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Superiority of Women

SIR: My thanks for your courage in publishing "The Natural Superiority of Women," by Prof. Ashley Montagu [*SR* Mar. 1]. It is gratifying.

I hasten to add, however, that even though I am a staunch supporter of women it is not my wish to have them considered superior now or in the future. The ideal state, to many of us, is equality—the freedom implied by that word. Only on the basis of such freedom of action can the individual (man or woman) develop, and who cares if the developed individual is man or woman.

JANE GRANT.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I am a man teaching at a women's college who's all for women. . . . It seems to me that Mr. Montagu's article suffers from two major defects of logic. The first defect of the article under consideration is that it's illogical to argue, as Mr. Montagu unfortunately does, from the *natural* superiority of women to their *moral* superiority. For the normative conclusion that women are morally better than men does not automatically follow from the descriptive premise that the "chromosomal structure" of the female is biologically superior to the male's. Any attempt to argue so leads to a confusion of the categories of biology and ethics. Besides, to imply that women are morally superior *by nature* is at best, I suspect, to pay them only a left-handed compliment, not to say insult them outright.

The second difficulty I find is even more serious, because it defeats the humanistic thesis that Mr. Montagu defends with such justifiable conviction in his article. If the moral superiority of women is ultimately based on their natural superiority or specific sex, how in the world can the recurrent problem of man's inhumanity to man ever be intelligently solved? On the author's peculiar hypothesis of sex as the determinant of value in general and of morality in particular, it would appear that males are just out of luck simply because they lack the so-called "maternal spirit" that the female chromosomes are supposed to be blessed with. This implication is absurd because the crucial problem as to the "insufficiency of humanity" is really a social issue, and thus has nothing directly to do with the sexes *as such*. In other words, it is a general human problem, not a man-woman problem. What a pity that Mr. Montagu's noble effort at putting women on the map, despite his good intentions, turns out to be so self-defeating in the end!

PATRICK ROMANELL.

Aurora, N. Y.

SIR: Ashley Montagu suffers from a malady which is endemic in educational circles — the generalization fever. When he sticks to details based on actuarial tables he is right, but when he strays into conclusions and implications he flounders.

"If I were you, I wouldn't bother to write your next book."

Women, indeed, live about five or six years longer than men. "Survive" is a better word for it. Note, if you please, that those six years are tacked on to the tail of life, where they do more harm than good. Men, as a rule, have sense enough to discard those terminal years of pain or dotage. Men at thirty are usually younger, both physically and spiritually, than women of the same age. The same is true of men and women at forty, fifty, and sixty. After that, what does it matter?

Again, about women's greater love for humanity. "Suffer the little children to come unto me . . ." was not said by a woman. And St. Francis of Assisi was a man according to my information. . . .

And, oh, those poor chromosomes about which science knows so little! I note that the single cripples among them created Socrates, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Newton, Montaigne, Shakespeare, and Beethoven, while the double-breasted, underslung ones created Lucrezia Borgia, Messalina, and the hatchet murderess.

One generalization of Mr. Montagu's is correct. Only women can produce children. But that doesn't mean that men couldn't do it better if they tried hard enough. Zeus did once, you know. And what a job it was! Athena sprang out of his head, mature and ready for action. I am told that the first thing she did was to spit in the eye of the midwife, who was standing by with swaddling clothes. And that baby had no teething problems, no measles, no mumps, no braces on her teeth, no whooping cough, and none of the other afflictions that children born of woman are heir to. I hope Mr. Montagu doesn't question the masculine qualities of Zeus, for the evidence is preponderantly against him. . . .

I fear Mr. Montagu will have to find a third female chromosome far more potent than the other two and press it into service. I hope you do not think me biased. Some of my best friends are women.

ABRAHAM MILLER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: "The Natural Superiority of Women" is so important I wish reprints could be made and sold to those who could use them.

SALLY B. TOMKINS.

Palisades, N. Y.

SIR: . . . What criteria can we use with regard to the "superiority" of one group as against another? On the basis of constitutional features? Then women are "inferior" as far as physical strength goes, *on the average*. On the basis of intellectual ability? Certainly not, if we consider them "man for man" over a long span of time. It all boils down to what criteria one uses for "superiority." Children might be categorized as "superior" to adults given certain criteria (the fact that they are more energetic, have "freer" imaginations, etc.). A similar point has been made with regard to questions of "superiority" of one race as against another. A Negro in the tropics is "superior" to the white in terms of adjustment to his environment; this "superior" person brought to a temperate climate is more likely to fall

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prey to T.B. than his "inferior" in the other situation—the white. Which is "inferior" or "superior"? It seems to me that "superiority" (if there *is* such an animal) is relative. Mr. Montagu's criteria seem to be absolute. . . .

JEANETTE SEARLES.

Columbus, O.

SIR: Ashley Montagu is a competent physical anthropologist, an amateur social psychologist, and a poor logician. His statements on the physical superiority of women are sound; women are more viable, stronger, tougher than we men. His deduction from the fact of motherhood to woman's greater humanness, philanthropy, and "social understanding" is unscientific bosh. A gross *non sequitur*. There is no binding evidence on the issue one way or the other.

The absence of empirical grounds forces us to resort to anecdotal "proof." When Montagu says, "Women love the human race; men are, on the whole, hostile to it," I think of Jesus and St. Francis and Tolstoy and Semmelweis and Gandhi and Schweitzer. And then I think of all the tart-tongued, sour-teated "moms" who lend substance to Philip Wylie's stereotype and that picture of the Nebraska mother, smiling, holding up her child to view the lynching, and of all the socially exquisite babes who make Hemingway's Mrs. Macomber real. Then I think of some figures—tentative—on the amount of maternal rejection of children (USA) and the estimated number of pregnancies ending in abortion, and I conclude that Professor Montagu is a bleary sentimentalist. . . .

GWYNNE NETTLER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: After participating in the UNESCO warning against making mythical generalizations about whole groups of people, like Negroes, Anthropologist Montagu breaks the traces and generalizes, mythically, about a whole group of people, women. And another, men.

F. N. PILLING.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: "The Natural Superiority of Women" should be a bugle call to all good men to come to the rescue of their masculine superiority. Let us man the intellectual barricades and fire point blank our heaviest arguments against this "traitor" to mankind who dares to belittle his fellow males. . . . Mr. Montagu's alibis for the scarcity of genius among women cannot stand a careful scrutiny. Men of genius have often risen from most adverse environment and lifted themselves by their own bootstraps to great heights. Creative imagination and analytical power are two outstanding qualities found in man that are absent or scarce in women. The history of religion, literature, art, music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and politics supports this statement. Even in cooking, designing of women's clothes, and cradle songs man has taken the leadership. It seems that the secretion of the testicles acts like a catalyzer or spark on the brain of man, fires his imagination, and drives him to create or to conquer. If the testicles are removed in childhood a man will develop some feminine characteristics and will lack the creative imagination and aggressiveness that are his birthright as a male.

"Women love the human race; men are, on the whole, hostile to it." Mr. Montagu, your slip is showing. Man is more cosmic and universal in his thinking; his mind, like the sperm, is a wanderer, the explorer ever restless, ever seeking the beginning and end of the universe and the causes of phenomena he perceives. The mind of woman, like the egg, is more passive, usually centered around the home and the children as it should be. Her womb is the center of her universe and all her physiological functions revolve around it. Man often leaves his wife and his children to fight and die for an ideal in some remote part of the globe. How many women do that?

Hardly any, fortunately for her children. History records the martyrdom of many men who rebelled against tyranny and who preached love for humanity, but no woman has been so universal.

More could be said on this interesting subject but I see the editor with the red pencil in his hand.

J. M. MARTINEZ.

Miami, Fla.

SIR: I suppose the usual hue and cry from the masculine contingent will attack Ashley Montagu's article with shouts of "traitor." But even the words "natural superiority" of women will fail to shock the uneasy sex out of its convulsive self-containment. . . . The male ego, the eternally starved, the eternally insatiable, is, always has been, a poor foundation upon which to build security—and now, in the ultimate term, world peace. Yes, of course, affirm his need to believe in himself, in his true capabilities and functions as an individual and as a man, but do not try to do the impossible, fill a vacuum, his vanity, with a myth, the non-existent, the unprovable, the inferiority of woman. There need not be any battle of sexes if men increase in number as mature adults. It is only the infant that carries into the years of so-called discretion the idea that he's the center of the universe. The woman related to him dismisses this as the usual tantrum of a baby and pacifies him with the teething ring of empty flattery. Woman is a co-conspirator in this, and for her tragic centuries she must assume her share of responsibility. . . .

VIOLET L. ESTES.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: It seems incredible that a writer of Mr. Montagu's stature could have overlooked so great a work on this subject as H. L. Mencken's "In Defense of Women," published in 1918 by Knopf. . . . What Mr. Mencken emphasizes and Mr. Montagu overlooks is that women have a "sharp and accurate sense of reality," a "subtle and searching judgment," and a "keener esthetic sense" than men; and while they are "relatively uncivilized," are "not actively moral, nor—noticeably modest," "not naturally religious," not "really humble," and are "without that dog-like fidelity to duty which is one of the shining marks of men," they are nevertheless greatly superior to most men. . . .

WYNN YORK.

Indiana, Pa.

SIR: Nearly ten years ago I heard Pedro Albizu-Campos, well-known Puerto Rican patriot, expound the same thesis as Ashley Montagu's. It is refreshing to hear it from a Latin, who usually are not known for such egalitarian beliefs.

THELMA MIELKE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Ashley Montagu's article should have been published one hundred years ago for it reflects so many popular ideas of that time. Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of *Godey's Ladybook*, would have agreed enthusiastically with him, for she wrote in 1850: "I have no sympathy with those who are wrangling for 'women's rights'; nor for those who are foolishly urging my sex to strive for equality and competition with men. What I seek to establish is the Bible doctrine as I understand it, that woman was intended as the teacher and inspirer for man, morally speaking, of 'Whatsoever things are lovely, and pure and of good report.' The Bible does not uphold the equality of the sexes. . ."

ELIZABETH BANCROFT SCHLESINGER.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: The cover for *SR* March 1 is to my mind quite interesting. What catches your eye? "Messages for Everyman" and "The Natural Superiority of Women." Quite appropriate for Leap Year.

GRACE B. RHODABERGER.

Butler, Pa.

SIR: Ashley Montagu has accomplished something: he has convinced me of his inferiority to women. No question about it, he's no match for them. . . . Apparently the men he has been associating with are all upset by their incapacity to have babies. Now I've got my share of troubles, real and imaginary, but my incapacity to become pregnant isn't one of them. As a matter of fact, that's all I'd need. I speak, of course, only for myself, but if this incapacity is a sore point with my friends, they've been signally quiet about it. Next time the frus-

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trated, hostile, aggressive group of us get together, I'm going to let them know that they've been secretly troubled all these years because they can't have babies. Once we get it out in the open, there's no telling what will happen.

As Mr. Montagu said, there are more men than women in our mental hospitals. But they haven't got them all yet.

DUANE FLAHERTY.

Kansas City, Mo.

Correction

SIR: We are always delighted to have our books reviewed in your magazine and therefore were delighted to see the review of "Classical Myths in Sculpture," by Walter Raymond Agard, which appeared in *SR* Feb. 9. However, the review listed the book as being published by the University of Minnesota Press. Of course, no great harm has been done, but I wonder whether or not some sort of correction might be made which would be of assistance to those people who are ordering the book and to the University of Minnesota Press, which will in turn have to forward any orders they receive to us.

JOHN J. SOLON,
Sales Manager,
Univ. of Wisconsin Press.

Madison, Wisc.

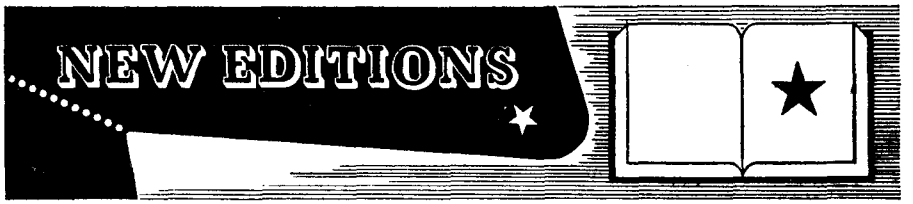
A Strengthened U. N.

SIR: Palmer Van Gundy's reference in his letter [*SR* Jan. 19] to the "high goal before us" (limited world federal government) recalls some sentences in Mr. Churchill's recent address before Congress. By the defense of Korea, Mr. Churchill said, "the cause of world law in our strong and valiant defense, and the foundations of the world instrument for preserving peace, justice, and freedom among the nations have been deepened and strengthened." . . . In a speech in the House of Commons on November 23, 1945, Ernest Bevin said: "I am willing to sit with anybody, of any party, of any nation to try to devise . . . a constitution for a world assembly, with a limited objective—the objective of peace." The new constitutions of France, Italy, and China grant to their executive branches authority and power to transfer such aspects of national sovereignty to a world organization as may reciprocally be agreed upon among the nations.

Is the reason that the United States lags in the demand for a strengthened U. N. simply because we have not had the bombs of war fall on our country? Do we really still expect the war system—"might makes right"—to settle the world's problems or produce justice, freedom, disarmament, and lasting peace? When are we going to demand an alternative to the war system?

FRANCES E. LAYER.

Warren, O.



LUTHER S. MANSFIELD and Howard P. Vincent tell us that their centennial edition of Melville's "Moby-Dick" (Hendricks House, $5) "attempts to establish the final authoritative text of 'Moby-Dick,' to bring together the results of the past criticism and scholarship, and to add new information so that 'Moby-Dick' may be read as a work of its own time as well as of ours." The editors, both former presidents of the Melville Society, have been true to their purpose and have proved themselves capable of accomplishing it. In 250 pages of Explanatory Notes they have exposed Melville's sources, traced the influences under which he wrought, discovered his borrowings, examined his meaning, explained his multitudinous allusions, analyzed his characters, sought out their origins, and noted the several variations of the first English and American editions of the mighty novel.

No less than five pages of notes are devoted to the opening sentence—"Call Me Ishmael"—while the first appearance of Ahab's name evokes almost sixteen pages of learned comment and speculation. Small matters as well as large engage the editors' attention. Indeed, no allusion is insignificant enough to slip through their net. They explain the "Pythagorean maxim," mentioned in passing, and the phrase "as corrupt as Lima," as conscientiously as they explain the source of the *Pequod*'s name and the nature of Starbuck. New Bedford, Nantucket, and Sag Harbor have their notes, but so have Herr Alexander, the magician, the girls in Booble Alley, a "plum-pudding voyage," the dog-vane, and the verb "to razee." It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the editors have answered every question that a reader of "Moby-Dick" might ask; and a thorough index of the notes makes the most important of them, on any desired subject, readily available. Readers of the excellent Introduction will gather that a good deal of fanciful nonsense has been written about "Moby-Dick," but the editors add no nonsense of their own. Here is editing in the grand manner, on a grand scale.

"Selected Writings of Herman Melville" (Modern Library, $2.45) gives good value, like all Modern Library Giants. This volume contains "Typee"—with its sequel, "The Story of Toby"—"Billy Budd," and all the short stories, including the comparatively long "Benito Cereno." Another addition to the Modern Library is "Six Modern American Plays" ($1.25), with an introduction by Allan Halline. The six—"The Emperor Jones," "Winterset," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "The Little Foxes," "The Glass Menagerie," and "Mr. Roberts"—demonstrate the vitality and versatility of modern American drama. Mr. Halline, with the courage of his convictions, ranks Kaufman and Hart above Congreve and Wycherley, and as the equals of Molière, in the field of social satire.

THE third novel to appear in the Borzoi Trollope series is "Rachel Ray" ($3.50), for which I had the pleasure of writing an introduction. In the course of it I declared that, "despite Trollope's limitations it is still possible to say with complete accuracy, I think, that no other English novelist has put into his novels so large an area of English society, so thoroughly populated, or has imperishably recorded so many aspects and relations of English life." And I concluded: "All Trollopians will be glad that 'Rachel Ray' is again, and handsomely, available. For Trollope is a novelist who inspires in his readers the same sort of personal love that Jane Austen inspires in hers. The list of such novelists is short." It is because of this personal emotion that we who feel it welcome the reprinting of such comparative trifles as the five tales that compose the Folio Society's pretty edition of "Mary Gresley and other Stories" (Duschnes, $2.50). This, certainly, is minor Trollope—but still Trollope. On the other hand, there is nothing minor about "The Prime Minister," now issued as a World's Classics "double volume" (Oxford, $2), in which Trollope divides his attention, and his narrative, between an honest statesman and a scoundrel.

From Sheed & Ward come John Farrow's impressive, moving "Damien the Leper" ($3); Gilbert Keith Chesterton's "St. Thomas Aquinas" ($2.75), in which the author failed to penetrate deeply the great Dominican's thought, but wrote entertainingly around his subject; and "Saints Are Not Sad" ($3.75), forty enjoyable, lively hagiographical sketches assembled by F. J. Sheed.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

WOMEN OF PARIS

MONOLOGISTS have no other choice. They must take Proteus as their god. Their business is to follow his example by having endless disguises at their command and being themselves only when they are caught napping. Their proficiency, as Cornelia Otis Skinner again makes clear in "Paris '90,"* is founded on a paradox and a misnomer. Working alone, they must create a crowd. Their singularity is their multiplicity. The point and challenge of their programs, known professionally as "one-woman shows," is that the one woman who gives them must become many women during the course of an evening.

Miss Skinner in short sketches, tender or humorous, no less than in such longer works as "The Wives of Henry VIII," "The Loves of Charles II," "The Empress Eugenie," and "Mansion on the Hudson," has long since demonstrated her skill as a devotee of Proteus. She has an astonishing flair for altering her appearance, finding new voices, suggesting various dialects, and summoning visually a whole host of characters. But even she has never released her talents as a monologist in so ambitious an offering as "Paris '90."

Her new monodrama is no shawl-and-chair affair. It has been given a full-scale and expensive Broadway production. Musicians are in the pit to establish the mood of each of the fourteen episodes by playing Kay Swift's gay and rippling score which Russell Bennett has orchestrated. If the music conjures the sounds and feel of a vanished Paris, so does Donald Oenslager's scenery. His drop curtain, flanked with clusters of old-fashioned lights, is a charming array of Toulouse-Lautrec's posters, bright with their colors and blessed with the dash, decision, and style of their lines. For the scenes disclosed by this curtain Mr. Oenslager has supplied an enchanting sequence of props and backgrounds which evoke in the simplest and most telling terms the whereabouts of each incident.

Miss Skinner is given further assistance by Helene Pons's many costumes, all of which are effective and can be changed so swiftly that one's faith in the zipper becomes fanatical. Yet in spite of such expert collaborators, the burden of the performance remains Miss Skinner's. More than being her own playwright and star, she continues to be her own company. The evening is hers; hers in the planning, the writing, the acting, and the singing; hers in the energy that must sustain it and the variety that must be brought to it; hers, and hers alone.

Miss Skinner's love affair with Paris has been an open book ever since she and Emily Kimbrough wrote their beguiling new version of "The Innocents Abroad" called "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." The Paris the two of them celebrated was the Paris they had known in the Twenties. The city of which Miss Skinner now writes with equal affection, though as a researcher, is the Paris of the decade before the century's turn, and she no longer approaches it as an innocent.

IT IS the Paris, respectable and rowdy, which was shaken by the Dreyfus case. It is the Paris which Proust absorbed and Edward VII enlivened when he was Prince of Wales. It is the Paris which was as famous for the can-can as for the Académie; which delighted in Yvette Guilbert; and which in its seamier aspects was immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec, that gnomish nobleman with the abbreviated legs and a great genius. It is this *ville lumière* as viewed through the eyes of fourteen women on the Champs Elysées, on the Left Bank, or in Montmartre, which provides Miss

*PARIS '90, a monodrama by and with Cornelia Otis Skinner. Settings by Donald Oenslager. Costumes by Helene Pons. Music and lyrics by Kay Swift. Orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett. Presented and directed by Alden S. Blodget. At the Booth Theatre, New York City. Opened March 4, 1952.

Cornelia Otis Skinner as a lion tamer, Yvette Guilbert, and a laundress—"the most full-scaled, one-woman show ever . . . done."

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Skinner's new monodrama with its continuity no less than its scene.

Miss Skinner's script is adroit in its connectives and, though it is bound to have its ups and downs, it includes some of the most incisive writing she has done. Miss Skinner seemed to me to be at her best in her truly touching characterization of a frustrated Boston schoolteacher; in her performance of the young Jewish mother whose son is attacked by rowdies on the very day that Zola's "J'accuse" appears; and, most especially, in her incredibly fine impersonation of Yvette Guilbert, which is her concluding number.

Before she concentrates in the third part of her program on four of Toulouse-Lautrec's friends, the women Miss Skinner acts range from a gossipy wet-nurse, a lady of fashion, an embittered old duchess, a famous cocotte (the pin-up girl of all Saint-Cyriens), to a British cyclist and a lusty laundress. They even include a talkative statue of an angel who surveys Paris by night from a niche on Notre Dame.

The vitality Miss Skinner brings to an arduous task is unflagging. She throws herself with gusto and charm into her many sketches, achieving changes in looks, voice, mood, and manner that are striking in their variety. She has never before seemed so physically relaxed or moved with such abandon. Moreover, Miss Skinner sings for the first time in "Paris '90," indeed sings five songs, easily, gaily, and winningly. How, without any sense of hurry, she manages to shift from one costume, wig, or make-up to another in no time at all is, in itself, a feat.

BUT, much as I admire Miss Skinner's talents and her undeniable virtuosity, I must confess to certain reservations. The monodrama is far from being my favorite form of playwriting. It is bound to be a stunt. In fact, its being so plainly a stunt is one of the reasons that so many people enjoy it. But the limitations of the medium bother me. I cannot forget them no matter how well their challenge is met. They invite, even when they do not demand, an external approach. So much must be done instantly in the way of establishing a period or a person that little time is left for getting beyond appearances into essences.

There is another hazard. The monologist faces a twofold task. She must not only create the people she is playing, she must also create the unseen persons to whom she is supposed to be speaking or listening. Miss Skinner, who can so quickly and vividly project her various characters,

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seems to misplace their companions, to be uncertain about their size, and sometimes to forget where they are standing or sitting. A director could in a day correct these errors which, though small, are disconcerting.

I have other qualifications and objections. The evening would, I think, gain if one number or even two numbers were dropped from it. It would also benefit by cutting that obvious speech about a painter's work outlasting a performer's, which at present mars Miss Skinner's otherwise highly distinguished impersonation of Yvette Guilbert. One other thing—I began to tire of having so many of the women in Miss Skinner's Paris concerned only with what Percy Hammond used to call "the obstinate urge."

It seems fair to repeat that these are the reservations of a person allergic to monodrama. Certainly they were not shared by most of the people in a large and enthusiastic first-night audience. No less certainly Miss Skinner is one of the remarkable women of our time, dazzlingly endowed, strong in courage no less than looks and charm, and at the peak of her powers in "Paris '90," which is the most full-scaled, one-woman show ever to have been done.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Broadway Postscript

FLIGHT INTO NEW HAVEN

MOST playwrights, no matter how many plays they have written, find a pre-Broadway tryout as nightmarish as waiting for a visa with deportation staring them in the back. The fear of failure, the avalanche of well-meant but unusable suggestions, and the awful realization that it is too late to go back and do it a better way, are grounds for anything from frayed nerves to a genuine psychosis. George Tabori, author of "Flight Into Egypt," is therefore something of a phenomenon if only for the superb detachment he has brought to the tryout proceedings of his first play.

Interviewed in New Haven shortly after the play had opened there, the thirty-eight-year-old novelist-turned-dramatist appeared wearing a Tyrolean hat with an old mountain-climbing jacket and looking very much like a carefree tourist. Bothering him not a heller's worth was the fact that the last scene of the play (so ambiguous that *Variety* had reported the wrong resolution) was lying in his hotel room waiting for rewrite.

"I like work," he said, sipping an aperitif with Continental relaxedness, "and I enjoy experimenting with the play. This ending we're using now is just a test. I think we'll eventually go back to the way it ended originally."

Mr. Tabori explained that "Flight Into Egypt" concerns itself with the efforts of a family to get into the United States from Austria via Egypt. When first written the script had them finally get to America through the will power of the father, who must commit suicide to make it possible.

"Although I firmly believe that it is wrong for them to go to America," said the tall and slender writer who is an expatriate himself, "it is probably right for the play to have them go. You see, the point of it all is that the consequences of flight are rage, humiliation, and usually disaster. I hope it comes across as this, and not as an essay about the respective merits of Austria and America."

Mr. Tabori, whose long wolfhoundish nose and thin, tired mustache brand him as Mittel-European, was actually born and educated in Budapest. He learned English by translating into Hungarian not only the novels of Theodore Dreiser and Upton Sinclair but Western and gangster tales by lesser American literary lights. At the age of eighteen he decided that, like Joseph Conrad, he would henceforward write in English. From then on he became an uprooted traveler, and during the past twenty years he has actually resided in thirteen different countries. He is now a British citizen, having been a member of the British equivalent of our OSS in the Middle East during the war. However, he feels that while he is eternally an outsider, he is also in an exceptionally good position to see things with more freshness and objectivity than the deep-rooted artist.

He sees, for instance, that members of the old European middle class, who still believe in free-enterprise buying and selling as a way of life and who are unwilling to adjust to the necessities of existence in postwar Europe, clutch at the illusion that they can re-establish their old way of life in America. This group is represented by "Flight Into Egypt's" Engels family. Mr. Tabori observes that the Engels,

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if they can contribute nothing to Austria, where anyone who can contribute is needed to stay and rebuild, can also contribute nothing to America. For this reason, he has made Franz Engels, the father, paralyzed with multiple sclerosis in order to symbolize his unwillingness to give up his old way of life and accept a function in the new reality. Franz's wife, Lili, stands for the traditional European woman formerly relegated to housewifery and motherhood, but now beginning to transcend these functions.

He sees also that Lili, as every refugee, is a slave to accident. She can only operate with reason as long as she has a market for her skill. Wipe out this market, as happens in the play, and all she has left to sell is herself. "At home," as Mr. Tabori has one of his characters say, 'if you call for help at least you don't have to translate."

These themes and others present in "Flight Into Egypt" will be familiar to readers of Mr. Tabori's novels ("Beneath the Stone," *SR*, Aug. 10, 1945; "Companions of the Left Hand," *SR* July 27, 1946; "Original Sin," 1947, not reviewed in *SR*, and "The Caravan Passes," *SR* Mar. 17, 1951). Running through most of his work is his preoccupation with "achieving freedom through exploring the utmost limits of one's unfreedom not academically but by practical activity." His characters tend to be on the colorful side and he likes the atmosphere of thick weather, be it dust storm or throbbing heat. He can turn out such Odetsian lines as " 'Never,' that's a word only the best people can afford," but on the other hand is sometimes tempted to stretch his metaphors in an attempt to be poetic. A speech in the play as seen in New Haven was: "You burst the seams of our little life with these two weak hands that touch the stars." However, Mr Tabori promises this will be fixed before the play reaches New York.

HE has turned to playwriting because of what he calls the impasse in the novel, which he feels is tending to become too private and too deep. He believes that the drama is a more collective means of communication, where the emphasis falls on the emotional and the violent rather than on the reflective and the detailed. " I can't bother with little anxieties when larger issues like gas chambers and Hiroshima are around," he says.

"A play," he added, "is harder to write because you have to think out all your moves ahead, like chess. And then you run into problems of authenticity. In this play, for instance, the Engels face being turned down for a visa because Franz is too sick. Legally this is not correct, but in actuality it often turns out that way. I'm hoping that audiences will accept the truth as opposed to the letter of the truth."

On the other hand, Mr. Tabori is very happy not only at the opportunity to try things out on audiences which a novelist doesn't have, but at the idea of having other people collaborate in the final output. He is particularly impressed with the work of the director, Elia Kazan.

"Gadge is wonderful at speaking to the actor in his own language. He always gives them something concrete to work with. In the scene where Lili comes back from her assignation, he told Gusti Huber that as she walked she should think about the shame and humiliation, gradually letting it turn into resentment against her husband."

"Another device he's trying," continued the author, "is with Zero Mostel, who plays the hotel-keeper. Gadge feels Zero needs to objectify himself more than he usually does, so he's asked him to play it with a British accent. Right now Zero sounds terrible, but that's not the point. After Zero has objectified himself enough he can drop the accent if he wants to."

Mr. Tabori looked at his watch and said: "Well, I guess I'd better get at that last scene. Maybe I just won't say whether they go to America or Austria. After all, people are pretty much the same anywhere you go."

Mr. Tabori spoke with the easy assurance of a man who was just as happy in New Haven as he would have been in Cairo or New York.

—HENRY HEWES.

Elia Kazan and George Tabori—"emphasis on the emotional and violent."

Domestic Chronicle

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE 1700-1950. *By Glenn Hughes. French.* $5. In attempting to compose a short history that would be both readable and definitive , Dr. Hughes has not really succeeded in doing either. The book, though not annotated, smacks of long hours in the library, and for the most part is a dreary chronology of theatrical productions. Not until the end of this book does Dr. Hughes allow himself to take an editorial point of view. Then he demonstrates that when he has someting of his own to say about the ills of our contemporary theatre he can say it incisively. Unfortunately, it comes too late, since by this time the reader is a weary marathoner and the countryside he's passed a memory blurred by exhaustion. —H. H.

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SR Goes to the Movies

MR. ASTAIRE AND MISS HOLLIDAY

—From "The Belle of New York."

Vera-Ellen and Fred Astaire—a "kind of excitement."

FOR several weeks my feelings about the movies have been suffused with an almost Technicolor glow. Not because the studios have been turning out the kind of pictures I want them to make; when they do that I am, to be sure, gratified; but when I like the kind of movies they want to make, the kind they believe in, I recapture an old love, I have faith again in the essential greatness of the moving picture—a faith founded more on what they have done for themselves than on my estimate of what they can still achieve.

Three pictures particularly have contributed to my present state of warm affection. The first, "5 Fingers," has been reviewed here by Hollis Alpert [*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, Mar. 8], who obviously shared my enthusiasm for a suavely integrated spy thriller, presented with a kind of bravura, with more style and impudence than most, but still essentially in the Hollywood tradition, with graftings from Elstree. The other two are "The Belle of New York" and "The Marrying Kind."

The first is a musical starring Fred Astaire, and it begins with that special M-G-M tastelessness which hasn't the vigor of vulgarity and yet manages to appear vulgar. The characteristics of this M-G-M quality are gilt scrolls around titles, splashed buckets of paint for color, pointed archness in acting, loudness, and utter contempt for wit, for style, for genuineness of any kind. Out of this, presently, comes a gay and preposterous story, a lightness of touch, a real airiness (one of the stunts is that Astaire dances on air), with traces of good knockabout comedy and with Vera-Ellen dancing always as well as and sometimes better than any other partner of Astaire's. There is a series of scenes after Currier and Ives, all of an entrancing beauty; one of them, a skating scene, has a breathless quality not achieved even by the best of the ballet scenes in "An American in Paris." Astaire himself is miraculously good in his dances, adding to one of them the kind of excitement Harold Lloyd used to generate on the side of a skyscraper, but always dancing when he is doing stunts and always characterizing when he dances. Robert Alton gets credit for the good ensemble dancing and Charles Walters directed the ensemble brawls, which are more entertaining. The music (by Harry Warren) is so negligible that when I left the theatre I found myself humming the tunes from the great Astaire-Berlin pictures of the past.

* * *

I left "The Marrying Kind" (Columbia) thinking, inevitably, of the finest comedy in years, "Born Yesterday," for this new picture was written by Garson Kanin (with Ruth Gordon), was directed by George Cukor, and stars Judy Holliday; she alone is better than she was in the first picture, but everyone's contribution is so good that falling short of perfection is merit enough.

Miss Holliday and an excellent newcomer, Aldo Ray, play the husband and wife who tell their stories to a judge, beginning with how they met ("just a pick-up"—"it so happens I remember different"), going through courtship, marriage, in-laws, frustrated ambitions (he fails to put his invention over, she doesn't win $2,600 in a radio contest), jealousies, the death of their first child, the long loneliness (even in the same room with the person you married you can be lonely)—and, of course, when they have told their separate stories, the wise and patient judge, wisely and simply played by Madge Kennedy, knows that they will drop their action for divorce. On being asked, "What makes you incompatible?" Miss Holliday answers: "Because we're married"; and this, they discover, is what they are destined, and want, to be.

The story is told with copious wit. The early scenes are shown to us as they happened, over the voice of one or the other principal describing them as he or she now thinks they happened; the scenes of tenderness reveal a richness in Miss Holliday's temperament on which "Born Yesterday" made few demands. There is a core of reality in the characters and in their relations to one another which is paralleled by a certain honesty of presentation—Mr. Cukor has managed to make New York feel like New York on the screen. The blemishes aren't serious, but I have a feeling that if the story had been written first for the stage, and been successful, there would have been no need for the conventional Babbitts and in-laws, nor for the unreal episode in which the husband suspects his wife of having been the mistress of her employer simply because she is remembered in his will ($1,284.65, obviously a sum left to all the employees). Neither would the dream sequence have been reminiscent of the social satire of the 1920's, in the manner of "Beggar on

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Horseback." I find, too, that the parts as written and played are not the plain average Americans their names pretend they are; they strike me as a second generation of various stocks, and it would have been appropriate to let that come out instead of being glossed over (as it was, for that matter, in Miss Holliday's role in "Born Yesterday" where she spoke modified Bronx, but was not so indentified). The dialogue has the great gift Kanin displayed in that play. There are whole scenes in which every line spoken serves several purposes at once, revealing character, conveying atmosphere, pushing the plot along. In the way it is spoken, simply by Mr. Ray, simply and with the almost break that never breaks in the voice of Miss Holliday, there is a rhythm and cadence of common speech, sharpened for dramatic purposes, but always keeping in touch with humanity. And that, for the most part, is what "The Marrying Kind" manages to do.

—GILBERT SELDES.

SR Recommends

The Belle of New York: Reviewed in this issue.

The Marrying Kind: Reviewed in this issue.

The Magic Garden: A light-hearted comedy from South Africa, with a plot compounded of miracles and a substratum of satire. (*SR* Mar. 15.)

Navajo: An imaginative documentary about American Indians in conflict and contact with mid-century USA. (*SR* Mar. 15.)

5 *Fingers*: A true spy story based on L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" that avoids all the usual clichés of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8)

Pictura, Adventure in Art: A highly successful cinematic re-creation of great paintings, using such varied material as Carpaccio, Goya, and Grant Wood. (*SR* Feb. 16).

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel of South African life. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

Westward the Women: An epic detailing the difficulties attending the first shipment of women from Kansas City to California to give "roots" to the frontier. (*SR* Jan. 12.)

Decision Before Dawn: An exciting, but arguable presentation of a "good German" PW who spies for us. (*SR* Dec. 29.)

Death of a Salesman: An honest, dignified filming of one of the decade's most moving plays. (*SR* Dec. 22.)

Detective Story: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well-acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SR* Nov. 10.)

Miracle at Milan: Vittoria de Sica's Hooverville, Italy (or world), with realism upside-down, masquerading as fantastic comedy but issuing in satire. (*SR* Dec. 15.)

The Browning Version: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SR* Nov. 10.)

TV and Radio

GOING, GOING, GONE

BEING IN the trade, and the husband of a comedienne now making her comedown as a disc jockey, I have access to show-business journals which often give me advance tips on some of the biggest, bang-up bargains in the television business. Several programs, I see, will be available next fall at the most laughable rates you've ever heard. So if you are a sponsor looking for a new TV show for next season you could do worse than scan these catchpenny items which I recently ran across in *Variety* and *Billboard*.

First, the Columbia Broadcasting System next season will offer the Jackie Gleason program at the ridiculous price of $90,000 a week. There is no catch to it. It's a bona fide proposition, open to anyone living in the Western Hemisphere, and the price includes the hour of time ($23,825), the talent ($66,175), and free tickets to each telecast. If you live in Canada enclose twenty-five cents extra to cover cost of mailing tickets to the sponsor each week.

A season's contract for Mr. Gleason, thirty-nine weeks, will cost a sponsor $3,510,000. *Billboard* wisely points out that this is for the basic stations on the CBS-TV network. If the sponsor wants to add other stations the cost will run about $5,000,000 for the season. Or as *Billboard* so succinctly headlines the story: "Is 5-Mil Funny?"

This is a rather naive question for a publication like *Billboard* which has been around so many years. Any sponsor will tell you that a good laugh in these trying times is easily worth 5-Mil. Especially if the laughers happen to be shampooing their hair, or brushing their teeth, or smoking the cigarette more doctors smoke than any other brand. (Have you noticed how the doctors have been dropping like flies these days?)

While CBS has been planning these ludicrous prices for shows the National Broadcasting System has not been asleep. If this is going to be a price-slashing war, NBC counter-offers with the Sid Caesar-Imogene Coca program, the Show of Shows. This hour-and-a-half show is divided into half-hour segments, and you may purchase any half hour for $55,500. This bargain price includes the talent ($29,500) and the half hour of time ($25,000). Free tickets to the telecast are not included in this package because it has been discovered that each sponsor's guests laugh only during the half-hour segment in which their particular sponsor's product is advertised, and the talents of the gifted Mr. Caesar and Miss Coca are thus dissipated by a third, or when divided between them they realize only one sixth of their potential.

I've saved the best bargain for last. At the conclusion of each half hour of the Show of Shows there are one-minute commercials. These one-minute spots will be available this coming fall at $17,600 for the minute. Or for the fifty-two-week season at about $1,000,000. You know the spots I mean. The Libby McNeil pineapple-juice girl, for instance, who sings about her pineapples, ending the little tune with "don't forget," and suiting the words "don't forget" to action by placing her right forefinger to her lips, which I had always been under the impression meant "don't tell anybody."

Anyway these minute spots will be available at $1,000,000 a piece for the season. First come, first served.

Other important bargains in TV are already sold out. The Colgate Comedy Hour Sunday nights go for about $60,000 for the hour. The All Star Revue on Saturday nights is the most expensive of all TV shows and is sold out at about $110,000 for the hour. These shows are known in TV as being in the "cream" time spots. Other time spots, known I suppose as the "yogurt" time spots, are much cheaper, and a very cheap show may be assembled for as low as $30,000 for a typical who-dun-it. The more literate who-did-it is slightly higher.

It has just occurred to me that these figures may be read by someone who isn't a sponsor and he may be slightly startled by the ciphers I've been throwing around. But when I point out that there are now some sixteen million television sets in the country, and some shows reach as many as half of these sets, and there are about three viewers to a set, well you can easily see what these ciphers add up to.

I realize that to the uninitiated it will be difficult to see where so much money goes in a show which flits across their screens and is gone forever. But as I say, being in the trade, and a highly respected and trusted

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worker in the industry, I was able to sneak a copy of a budget off somebody's desk in one of the television networks, which indicates where the money goes. I thought you might be interested. Here it is broken down to its component parts:

Talent	Lenses
Producer	Basic Scenery
Director	Scenery
Tech. Director	Basic Props
Designer	Props
Associate Director	Special Effects
Program Assistant	Trucking
Writer	Transportation
Staff Announcer	Costumes
Rehearsal	Costumes Finder
Camera	Wardrobe Mistress
Audio	Hairdresser
Dry	Make-up
Hall	Set-Strike
Music	Stagehands
Sound Effects	Graphic Arts
Engineers	Film
Camera Operator	Misc.
Mike Boom Operator	
Mike	

Caution: That last item—that Misc.—is what will sometimes trip up the bargain hunting sponsor. After a season he sometimes begins to feel that Misc. means he was Miscast as a five-million-dollar sponsor, and that by some Mischance he had Miscalculated his budget and had Miscued in his Misconception of a program which had somehow Miscarried.

—Goodman Ace.

Music to My Ears

FLAGSTAD'S HAIL AND FAREWELL GLUCK—TV "BARBER"

THE Metropolitan's todays and yesterdays have rarely worked so smoothly in sequence as in the production of Gluck's "Alcestis" in which Kirsten Flagstad began her final round of operatic appearances. Flagstad, of course, was a lasting legacy from Gatti to Edward Johnson; it was Johnson who thought the moment of 1940-41 appropriate for a revival of "Alcestis"; and it was Rudolf Bing with his singular instinct for time and place (crass people call it showmanship) who put all the elements together as a spectacular—but by no means gaudy—exhibition of Flagstad's majestic vocal presence as of this moment in a singular career.

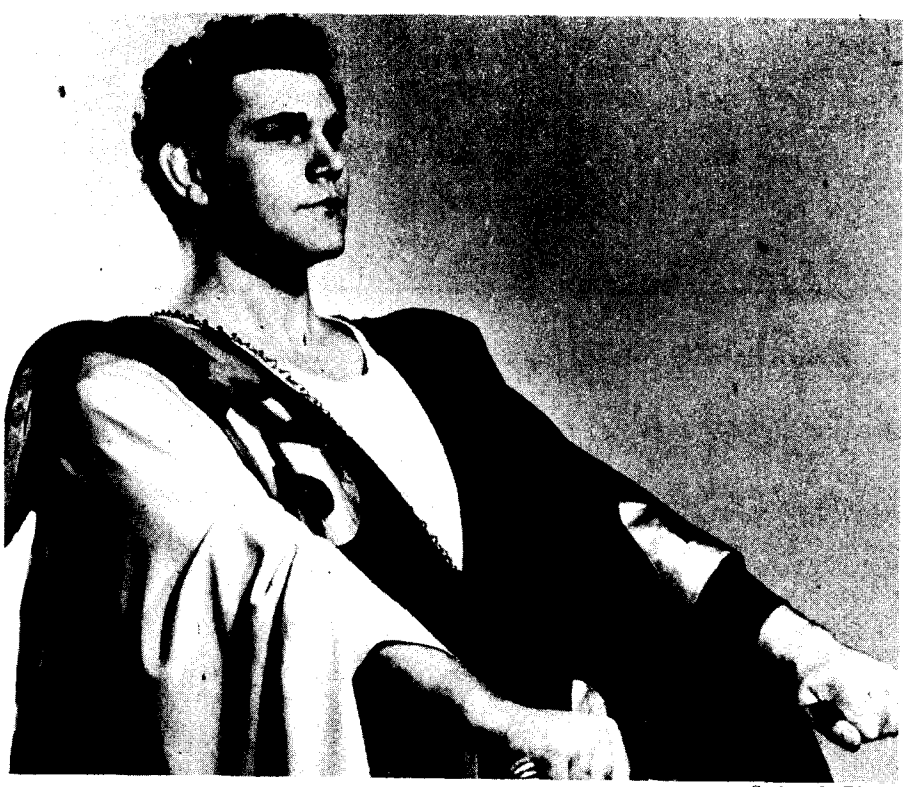
The production now is in an English text by John Gutman which is so able and unobtrusive that virtually no mention of it has appeared in the press. Ballet has a much larger part in it than ever before; and the lighting of Richard Rychtarik's spacious, eye-assuaging scenery gives it even more effect than it made when ten years newer. The only thing at variance with the repose and nobility of Gluck's music was the "living picture" treatment by Herbert Graf of the ensemble and supers, in which postures changed on the down-beat and the time-dissolving flow of Gluck's music was chopped into chunks by the abrupt movements in the background. When dancing Zachary Solov's ballet did handsomely; when twining in and out, frieze-like, they were more than less distracting.

What they were distracting from, naturally, was the composure, weight, and power of the combined musical-dramatic image conveyed by Flagstad. She cannot now be as prodigal of voice as she was ten or fifteen years ago; but when she measures her purpose and applies her science to specific problems the effect is as luminous and compelling as ever. Perhaps one was more conscious of her magical power over words because the text was English; but the fact was that she "read" every line for its dramatic sense as well as for its musical context.

Where options are indicated in the score she took the lower tones with the richness of an alto, while reserving for the climax of "Divinités du Styx" a B flat which had almost tangible weight. The upper voice became strained and ragged as the evening wore on, but only by her own singular standard. Flagstad was a handsome Alcestis in blond wig and white gown, if more maternal than wifely beside the youthful Brian Sullivan as Admetus.

After Flagstad musical virtue went by a round-about course, with particular credit for Alberto Erede's firm grasp of the score at the conductor's desk, his admirable tempos dynamics, balances, etc. With a little more flexibility and movement it could be termed a first-rate accomplishment. Kurt Adler's chorus made massive, well-disciplined sounds whether strung out on the stage or flowing over into the orchestra pit at either side and thus bringing the whole experience closer to the ear. In smaller roles Lucine Amara caught the ear with her dramatic fervor and Emery Darcy gave promise of a return to prominence with some tenor phrases (Evander is the character) of ring and clarity.

Sullivan is not yet the vocalist to curve a Gluck line with full authority but he made a splendid picture, rarely offended musical taste, and enunciated clearly. When "Alcestis" was last given in French the American Leonard Warren sang the High Priest; now



—*Sedge LeBland.*

Brian Sullivan—"made a splendid picture."

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that it is given in English, the part went—by the kind of logic that prevails only in operatic casting—to the German Paul Schoeffler. Assuming that Warren is needed these days for other things, why not another American for this role in which enunciation of text is so conspicuous? Why embarrass Gluck by having Schoffler sing, "Ze sun comes zu zink," when Mack Harrell, for one, would have made it a clean, crystalline, "The sun comes to sink"? If opera in English is desirable, let it be in English—not a Prater-phonetic likeness of it. Admitting his limitations, Schoeffler gave fine dignity to what he sang, if not to what he said. Likewise his Viennese colleague Alois Pernestorfer as Apollo, whose enunciation was compromised further by being heard offstage. Some persons placed favorably in the house said his words could be heard clearly; to me they read better than they sounded.

Taken together, producers, cast and conductor have evoked a musical experience of remarkably consistent values, in which the single voice of Flagstad seems to inspire all to an emulation of her imposing musical sincerity and directness. Some fail, but none distort the kind of purpose which will remain in mind as long as she does.

* * *

The sure and satisfying discipline that the NBC-TV technicians have attained in the field of televised opera was demonstrated anew when a portmanteau (meaning collapsed, or compressed) version of "The Barber of Seville" was given on a recent Thursday. Its musical attributes—aside from Virginia Haskins's likable, well-sung Rosina—were modest, but the main points of the story were made economically, the camera work was intelligently organized, each minute of elapsed time contributed something to the exposition of the story.

Outside that area of technical manipulation, and the amusing characterization of Carlton Gauld as Don Basillio, this was a rather cut-rate "Barber." The orchestral direction of Herbert Grossman lacked assertion, and neither Ralph Herbert as Figaro nor Davis Cunningham as Almaviva escaped the category of "all right"—for TV. Peter Hermann Adler's rewritten recitatives did away with some outmoded conventions quite painlessly, in an effective work of jointure. Mostly the text was intelligible too. What would seem desirable would be a combination of NBC's technical experience with the Metropolitan's musical resources. Mr. Chotzinoff, meet Mr. Bing.

—Irving Kolodin.

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(*Continued from page 20*)

tops as yet shaped the throat and tongue of Archaeopteryx to give it a voice? A shriek no harsher than that of a guinea-fowl or a chatter no less birdlike than the laughter of a yaffle? Recalling again the relics of brittle bodies tumbled in mud, it is clear that there can be no answer. It can only be said with certainty that the germs of color and song were there, forming far down in the vortex of time and waiting to issue in the plumage and calls of the plover I watched above the Norfolk furrows."

One cannot help but sympathize with Mrs. Hawkes in her aversion for the substitute materials that have displaced natural building stone. Gone are the ties between the man built structures and the surrounding terrain. In fact she feels that:

". . . men must still need to live in some direct and creative relationship with the land from which they have come." The path to salvation is a return to self-sufficiency.

The book is well worth the reading, for the pictures it paints alone. Some collateral learning is inevitable, but it is painlessly acquired.

An American Rabbi

A BELIEVING JEW. By Milton Steinberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 318 pp. $3.50.

By PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

THE American rabbi is something new. For millennia rabbis have been essentially expounders of the Torah, the law. But the conditions of American life have produced unprecedented functions. In this country the rabbi is an organizer, an administrator, an educator, a pastor, a congregation builder, an interpreter of Judaism to Christians, a Jewish representative to the general community. If he displays any administrative ability, he will be associated with numerous boards, committees, civic enterprises, welfare programs. He is likely to be working seven days and seven nights of every week during most of the year. It is very difficult under these circumstances to retain some modicum of learning and spirituality.

Milton Steinberg was one of the rabbis who not only met the demands of the American scene, but also managed to cultivate his soul. As minister of New York's Park Avenue Synagogue, he built a great congregation. He was known throughout the land for his lectures and writings. He played an important role in national organizations. He had the rare quality of evoking affection from large numbers of people. With it all, he was a scholar in many fields, sacred and secular. His books, especially "Basic Judaism" and "As a Driven Leaf," were the best of their kind to be written in America. He combined intellectual brilliance (the late Morris R. Cohen regarded Steinberg as his most gifted pupil) with old-fashioned piety. Nothing gave him greater joy than to observe the ancient, lovely ceremonies of his faith. Milton Steinberg's death in 1950, at the age of forty-six, deprived the Jewish and general community of a rare spirit.

Now, in a book edited by his wife and Maurice Samuel, the opportunity is offered for rewarding contact with this gifted personality. "A Believing Jew" is a selection of his major addresses. Here are his views on God, the social crisis, Israel, American Jewry, the nature of evil and suffering. The book is a stirring statement of personal faith. His religion was not devoid of humanistic elements:

> Religion subserves many purposes. It is a principle of explanation of the universe, in the light of which the individual can find meaning for his own career and that of mankind. It is a sanction for morality. It is an esthetic, and much else besides. But not the least of its utilities is this: by positing God it inhibits man from laying claim to being God. It prevents his becoming less than man through the arrogance of claiming to be more. In brief, it helps to keep man human.

With Steinberg humanism was only the starting point. His faith culminated in a classic Jewish mysticism. Facing the knowledge that his own days were numbered he could yet conclude:

> And only with God can we ease the intolerable tension of our existence. For only when He is given, can we hold life at once infinitely precious and yet as a thing lightly to be surrendered. Only because of Him is it made possible for us to clasp the world, but with relaxed hands; to embrace it, but with open arms.

Steinberg became a spokesman for Jews in transition. His own parents had been born in East European ghettos. His childhood home was largely the product of European Jewish traditions. But he became thoroughly American and thoroughly modern. Not only did he find no conflict between the two mainstreams of his life, but he believed they enriched each other:

> To me the American tradition is my primary heritage. I acknowledge only one political allegiance—to America. The history of America is my history . . . but Jewish history is my background too. Lincoln and Jefferson are my heroes, together with Rabbi Akiba and Moses Maimonides. The four get along in my imagination most companionably. The whole process is facilitated immensely by the essential sympathy in spirit between the two traditions. Both are democratic. Both emphasize the worth of the individual and his right to freedom . . . There is a larger promise in this cultural dualism . . . the consequence of the cross fertilization of civilizations . . . out of such husbandry of the spirit may well emerge a cultural life richer than any the human race has known heretofore.

"A Believing Jew" is a treasure house of the human spirit. A Pity for the Living is a poignant essay in compassion. There is no more moving elegy over the six million slaughtered Jews than his essay When I Think of Seraye (his father's birthplace). The three addresses on God, delivered shortly before his death, are rich in knowledge and wisdom. They contain the distilled essence of Steinberg's theology, profound yet balanced and reasonable. The freshness and lucidity of expression enhance the value of the book.

—Dorothy Rolph.

Milton Steinberg—"rich in wisdom."

Philip S. Bernstein is rabbi of Temple B'rith Kodesh, Rochester, N. Y., president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and author of "What the Jews Believe."

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Ideas & Studies Notes

POSITIVISM: A Study in Human Understanding. By Richard von Mises. Translated by Jerry Bernstein and Roger G. Newton. Harvard University Press. $6. One does not usually find a chapter on poetry in books written by positivists. Positivists, in the "school philosophies" and in their textbooks, are frequently pictured as people who have no heart, no soul, no appreciation of poetry, and nothing but contempt for metaphysics. This view of the matter, however, has to reckon with Richard von Mises, whose "Kleines Lehrbuch des Positivismus" (1939) is now revised, expanded, and translated. For Von Mises positivism is a way of understanding the human situation, and the fine arts, poetry, music, and even metaphysics, since they are all forms of communication among men, can make some contribution to this goal. Although an erstwhile member of the so-called "Vienna Circle" of logical positivism, Von Mises does not subscribe to all of the strictures of this school. Indeed, he traces his positivism to the older traditions of Auguste Comte and Ernst Mach.

It is a real pleasure to have this volume now in English. Here is a brilliant and erudite mind roaming over all the fields of human knowledge from axiomatics and logistic to ethics and religion, and examining them all from the vantage of a mature and careful doctrine. In these terms the whole of ethics and of jurisprudence and all history that is not mere chronicle become branches of general sociology, a science from which more may be expected in the future than from any other. A note as short as this cannot begin to indicate the riches of a volume which, by any standard, is one of the most important contributions to philosophy in our century. The author, who is now Gordon McKay Professor of Aerodynamics and Applied Mathematics at Harvard, merits an unusual appellation, one which he himself sparingly confers on one or two others—he is a genuine polyhistor.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

PARASITIC ANIMALS. By Geoffrey Lapage. Cambridge University Press. $4. In an epode to this extraordinarily clear and sympathetic description of animal parasites and their hosts Dr. Lapage rhapsodizes: "Human beings are swayed by emotions which do not affect the beautiful trypanosome when it kills our best-beloved, nor the hookworm when it sucks our children's blood. Nor does that beautiful creature, the mosquito, consider its ways when it fills the blood of a Cromwell

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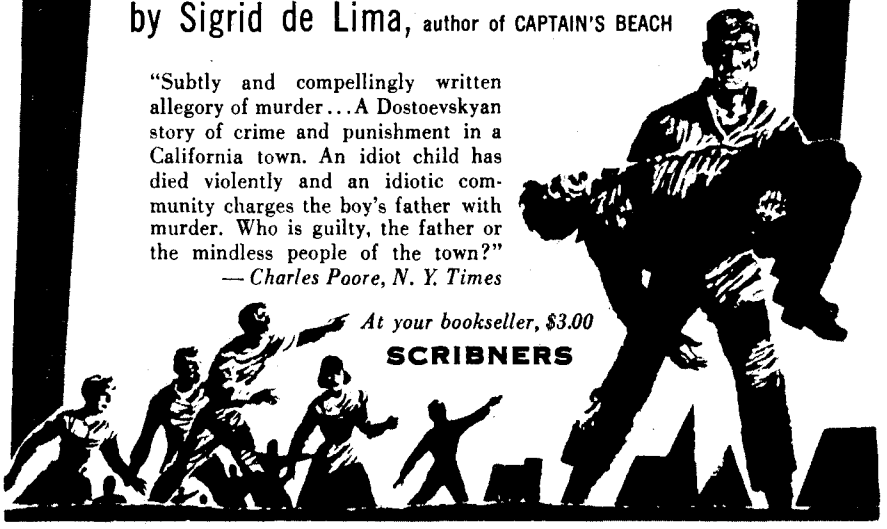
— *Charles Poore, N. Y. Times*



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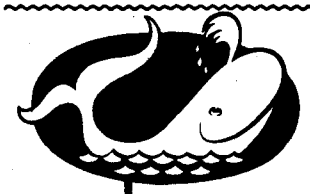

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or James I with malarial parasites. The parasitic animal follows, as other animals must, the natural urges which impel all living things to get their food, mate with their kind, and attempt to insure the survival of the species."

Beautiful to him, for detailed example, is the globular head of a tapeworm which measures less than two mm. in diameter. From that dot grows the flat, segmented worm, becoming in some bowels eighty feet long. It takes its nourishment from the host's digested carbohydrates, amino acids, and B vitamins, and hermaphroditically produces up to 150 million eggs a year. Evacuated eggs somehow reach cattle, are swallowed, hatch in the cow's small intestine, enter its blood stream, reach its muscles, where they nest and change into bodiless heads. The cow, the intermediate host, becomes beef. You eat the meat without cooking it through and through, and an unharmed tapeworm head gets into your bowel, takes hold with its four tenacious suckers, and another parasitic life cycle begins.

So it goes for a multitude of parasites living in or on their hosts. Dr. Lapage, who is a lecturer in animal pathology at the University of Cambridge, reinforces his fine text with 113 instructive, cleanly printed illustrations. Medical man though he is, he refuses to give remedies here for the human and animal diseases his parasites cause, but only because doing so might make the book too long. Some time he hopes to put into another kind of book the "especially difficult challenge" that the parasitic animal brings to the biologist who "is something of a seeker after God." Meanwhile, like a psalmist, he professes: "If the bird on the bough sing clearly of Heaven, the predatory carnivore, stealing upon it to strike it down, exhibits no less than its victim the lineaments of God. The parasitic animal, following its ways in the body of either of these creatures, must also reveal these lineaments as does also the man who observes, with anger and dispair, its destruction of the beauty that he adores." —MYRON WEISS.

HISTORY AND HUMAN RELATIONS. By Herbert Butterfield. British Book Centre. $2.50. An academic historian who writes with equal facility at the same time for both professional colleagues and the lay public is a rarity. In his latest volume of essays Herbert Butterfield, professor of modern history in Cambridge University, exhibits this talent which his readers have come to expect.

The author's belief in the Christian concept of human nature is the central theme of the book. "In the created world," he affirms, "nothing really matters except human beings." Present tensions in the world prove that human beings, in their mutual distrust, differ only in degree not in kind. Thus diplomacy, which proclaims moral premises, more often is concerned with political ends than moral action. A fascinating essay on Official History demonstrates the manner in which a pious nationalism can pervert historical understanding—for example, by portraying the Germans as the eternal aggressors.

Only if he possesses humility and a flexible mind can the historian point the way to a better world. Ideally he ought to stretch men's minds, to challenge, to take but one instance, the unwisdom which has rendered military victory profoundly disappointing in its results. The essay on Marxist History deserves to be read widely as a fine exposition of the weaknesses (and strength) of a single schematic pattern for the whole past.

In days when strident appeals to the pretended "lessons" of history seem often to result in platitudes of self-righteousness it is good to have much calm warning of the dangers of intellectual arrogance and too narrow vision. This book from a leading historian, distinguished alike by urbanity and a fine wit, is most welcome.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

A CENTURY OF TECHNOLOGY. Edited by Percy Dunsheath. Roy Publishers. $5. This clearly written and informative story of a century of engineering progress was originally published as a guide to the impressive technological exhibits on display in London during last year's Festival of Britain. The eighteen experts who prepared the chapters present a unified account of the main developments that shaped the course of the Industrial Revolution. Naturally enough, they tend to emphasize the achievements of British engineers but by no means to the extent of distorting the record.

In fact, the book provides one significant instance of how developments were sometimes retarded in the struggle for new and expanding markets. Pioneer designers of "horseless carriages" made surprising advances considering that all they had to work with were steam engines of the crudest sort. As early as 1836 there was regular steam bus service between London and Paddington. The service was so successful that worried railway and stagecoach owners formed an effective lobby and Parliament passed fifty-four laws throttling "mechanical road transport" for more than half a century. The first modification of the

laws came in 1896 when speeds of no more than twelve miles per hour were permitted.

Other chapters describe developments in steel-making, chemicals and textiles, electrical engineering, food preservation, and other branches of technology. Of particular interest are chapters dealing with printing processes and navigation. The book conveys a vivid feeling for the impact of invention on society. The engineers have transformed a world, the politicians are trying to keep it in order—and the Industrial Revolution is just beginning to hit high gear.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

APHORISMS OF C. H. MAYO AND WILLIAM J. MAYO. Collected by Fredrick A. Willius, M.D. C. C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill. $2.75. During the half-century that the late Mayo brothers built up and operated their efficient, effective, profitable, and envied surgical-medical clinic at Rochester, Minn., they took time to publish 988 written works. The purpose of practically all was to fulfil the ever-continuing obligation of all doctors to impart their knowledge and skills to other doctors for the sake of easing suffering and curing disease. Now from that clinical tumulus Dr. Willius, their staff heart specialist, has collected 215 nuggets of Mayo wisdom. These constitute the kind of bibliophilic mementos that doctors like to give one another at anniversaries.

Some of those aphorisms: "The keynote of progress in the twentieth century is system and organization—in other words, teamwork." . . . "Long ago I learned from my father to put old people to bed for as short a time as was absolutely necessary, for they were like a foundered horse, if they got down it was difficult for them to get up, and their strength ebbed away very rapidly while in bed." . . . "Judgment makes both the diagnostician and the surgeon both supermen." . . . "Once you start studying medicine you never get through with it." . . . "The ideal of medicine is to eliminate the physician." —M. W.

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CAN WRITERS BE TOO OBJECTIVE?

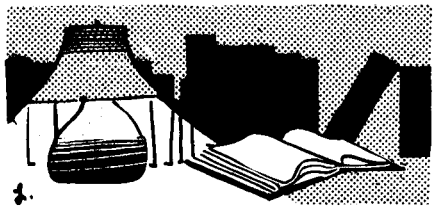
(*Continued from page 12*)

"Commemoration Ode," read on July 21, 1865, summed up the mood of victory in the North after the War Between the States. William Vaughn Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation," opening with its reference to "the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made," spoke out eloquently on our policy regarding the Philippines:

> Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
> For save we let the island men go free,
> Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
> Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
> Where walk the frustrate dead.

In England, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne were none the less great poets because they spoke out on political and moral issues. Many New England writers, headed by Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, felt impelled to take part in the controversy over Negro slavery. Now in an hour even more critical, indeed more crucial than any the world has ever seen, we have no outstanding literary spokesman, no interpreter of the public conscience. We need a Voice, a combination, perhaps, of Jeremiah and Isaiah, of Censor and Crusader, of Denunciator and Prophet. Some observers think we are confused, and we unquestionably give that impression to visitors. But are we confused because we are without a Voice, or without a Voice because we are confused? Which is cause and which is effect?

NO American writer can alter the situation by merely announcing as he awakens tomorrow morning, "Go to! I am about to become a Voice!" Nobody can instigate or predict the appearance of genius. For that miracle we can only wait—and pray! Nevertheless, those of us who, in our modest fashion, are dealing with words have our responsibility. We can at least make sure of our own philosophy; we can study effective methods of systematizing and presenting it; we can try to make it potent in the articles and books we produce. But before we take pen in hand or sit down before the typewriter let us make sure that we are clear regarding the moral standards by which our own behavior should be measured. Only through some such codification of faith, and through an ensuing attempt to transfer this faith to others, can we win a lasting victory for the democratic principles in which we believe.



In his famous preface to "The Picture of Dorian Gray" Oscar Wilde summed up his peculiar esthetic creed by saying dogmatically: "No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style." It was all very well for Wilde, as a citizen of an empire presumably safe from attack, to indulge in the luxury of paradoxes. But now that civilization which protected him is threatened by an aggressive, unscrupulous force, in resisting which we shall need all the strength which comes from positive moral convictions. The writer who in these days disregards ethical sympathies may find himself in a concentration camp where his survival may be doubtful.

In this twilight of the gods every American writer will, of course, follow his own bent. If he wishes to linger with lavender and old lace or concentrate his talent on the objective portrayal of abnormality or even just play pleasantly with words that is his privilege. I can only hope, however, that some of our authors will take a positive stand on the corruption within and the perils from without. Our men of letters must put themselves on record in denunciation of the fat, unctuous parasites who seem in Washington to have access to the powerful; of the politicians who make democracy the instrument of their selfish aims; of the Senators who, under the guise of patriots, are plotting to undermine our cherished freedoms. They must be prepared also to resist those external enemies who are endeavoring secretly and openly to tear down all that the founders of this republic created in 1789. We have foes within and without our walls. Let us take the lead in revealing and overthrowing them.

Clearly, then, this is no hour for writers to be objective, impartial, and detached on moral questions. The culture built up so painfully since the Stone Age and which has made our freedom of self-expression possible is at stake. We need voices, and a Voice, as we have never needed them before.

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—Upton Sinclair

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AMERICANA

(Continued from page 15)

it furtively and without the joy and admiration the circumstance should kindle in the historian's bosom. In California's spacious times the Southern Pacific was a heller, a notable buster of plug hats and frequenter of low political company. There's nothing to be ashamed of. So was everybody else who survived.

There are minor errors of fact in this book of an order which can easily insinuate themselves into any such chronicle, as the reviewer too well knows at first hand. Such major lapses, however, as when the authors assert that "for the passenger dieselization means comfort to a new degree," is purely and simply inspired misrepresentation. Diesel power means absolutely nothing to railroad passengers in terms of speed, cleanliness, or smooth riding. No passenger or railroad operative alive can tell from his tactile senses if he is traveling in steam or diesel. Modern passenger comfort derives from a variety of other sources: improved roadbeds, tight-lock couplings, rubber draft gear, roller bearers, and, most of all, from air conditioning. Diesel power may be implicit with economical operation and maintainance but it is absolutely nothing in the life of the railroad passenger, the tearful and impassioned pleading of its owners to the contrary nothwithstanding.

When the authors get into their stride telling of the fantastically precise and almost overpoweringly comprehensive operations of the railroad they are at their best. The Espee is not only the nation's biggest in miles of track, it is the largest single consumer of petroleum in the land, the biggest employer in Texas, the largest taxpayer in Nevada. Its passenger operations extend from Oregon to Louisiana and, through subsidiaries, connections, and alliances to St. Louis, Chicago, and the Eastern seaboard. Its crack varnish trains, as anyone knows who has ridden the *Sunset Limited*, the *Shasta Daylight*, or *City of San Francisco*, are among the beautiful and smartly conducted agencies of transport of the world. Its freight operations are among the topmost in importance in the national economy. Its affairs are administered by skilled and responsible operatives.

But once its ways were those of the old, violent, bearded American West. Let us remember them with admiration and envy.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

YOUR DRAMA I.Q.

Paul Kane, of Chicago, asks you to name the plays in which the following closing lines appear. Ten correct answers is par, twelve is very good, and more than that is excellent. Answers on page 44.

1. "I'm telling you. . .Joxer. . .th' whole worl's. . .in a terr. . . .ible state o' chassis!"
2. "We've such a lot to do, my love. And such a little time to do it in. Quick, quick."
3. "Moffat, my girl, you mustn't be clumsy this time. You mustn't be clumsy."
4. "The fact is, Konstantin Gavrilitch has shot himself."
5. "Our part is only to bury them. Come, take her up. They must not lie there."
6. "Blow out your candles, Laura —— and so goodbye."
7. "I can see it, George. I can see it! Right over there! I can see it."
8. "I found out! I peeked, I found out."
9. "Hark! They are still cheering. . .Albert. Ah! If only you could have been here!"
10. "In her letter to me, Ba writes that she has taken Flush with her."
11. "No, I'm going to be baptized, damm it!"
12. "We're free and clear. . .we're free. . .we're free."
13. "And tell Hannah to throw out all the flowers."
14. "You can't see vhere you vas going, no. Only dat old davil, sea —— she knows."
15. "We've all got our health and as far as anything else is concerned we'll leave it up to you. Thank you."
16. "Well, I've had two years to sharpen my claws. Jungle-red, Sylvia! Good night, ladies!"

GAR Rankers

GLORY ROAD: The Bloody Route from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg. By Bruce Catton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 416 pp. $4.50.

By J. G. RANDALL

BRUCE Catton's 1951 book, "Mr. Lincoln's Army," carried the story of the Union soldier through the period of McClellan's command. In the present volume, with attention still focused on the East, the narrative advances one more year as the Army of the Potomac marched, floundered, shifted, cursed, groused, drilled, lay in camp, wasted in sickness, and yet fought with real spirit in three major battles: the hopeless slaughter under Burnside at Fredericksburg, the letdown from Hooker's boasts at Chancellorsville, and the exhausting victory of Meade at Gettysburg. In vivid, free flowing chapters, Mr. Catton gets into the ranks of the army and gives his reader the common soldier himself. Lest the title, "Glory Road," should seem pretentious, one should remember the remark of a Pennsylvania private that military glory consisted in "getting shot and having your name spelled wrong in the newspapers." There was also the New England soldier who felt that he had enlisted too early when he found that bounties were running high and that the ordinary taxpayer cheerfully supported them as lessening his own chance of having to serve. At a low point in morale it was said that desertions averaged 200 a day, encouraged by "an organized letter-writing campaign" of "anti-war people in the North."

Some of the soldier talk was "like the catcalling of schoolboy gangs on the playground." When taunted by a Federal for the ragged clothes worn by the "rebels," one of the latter called back: "We-uns don't put on our good clothes to butcher hogs." Burnside thought his men did not hate sufficiently, and George W. Julian, radical Congressman, agreeing with the general, worked on the people back home to intensify resentment. As Catton writes, "no leader of the abolitionists ever needed to be told twice to go out and stir up more hatred." High command was erratic, slack, incompetent, lacking in brains. Or, if leadership

James G. Randall, professor emeritus of history at the University of Illinois, is the author of "Lincoln the President" and many other volumes about the Civil War period.

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was good, it was not "good enough." The army "had to operate strictly on its own."

An important factor was illness. "From the military viewpoint, the ailing soldier was just a nuisance." As medical difficulties multipled, civilian effort rose to the task and "before the War Department quite knew what was happening its hospital system was being overhauled for it . . . [by] the . . . Sanitary Commission." The author adds: "The soldiers had reason to bless [its] every . . . member . . ."

The front, of course, was never fully detached from factors behind the lines. The "American political system" was not "wide enough to contain a civil war." In Indiana, with its rampaging anti-Lincoln politics, "reality blended with the outrageous shapes of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land itself," and Governor Morton had to deal sternly (and unconstitutionally) with a recalcitrant legislature and with the "invisible empire" of KGC, OAK, and similar groups. In Ohio the vigorous agitator Vallandigham posed for Lincoln a most serious problem of civil liberty in wartime. All this reacted upon pro-Union sentiment in the North to make it more savage and, as in the attack upon Fitz John Porter, to seek a hated symbol or scapegoat. Such factors, including inadequate recruiting, became too many for the governors; from 1863 on they found control slipping from their grasp.

Rich in its gleanings from regimental histories and soldier diaries, Mr. Catton's book is less concerned with high brass and "strategy" than with the sights, sounds, and smells of war: "that hellish [rebel] yell"; solid columns at Fredericksburg in a cohesive target, "of all formations, the one most vulnerable to enemy fire"; forty Confederates impaled on bayonets (also at Fredericksburg); "never a day . . . without . . . firing squads discharging their farewell volleys over new graves in the cheerless hills"; and over it all "the dauntless laughter of brave men who summon humor as a reinforcement. . . ." For each situation the author hits the bullseye with a telling phrase: "Washington was scandalized to the eyebrows" by the sequel of Sickles's killing of Philip Barton Key—not the murder justified by the unwritten law, but the husband's forgiving of his erring wife. For readability, penetration, and mastery of material Catton's second instalment fulfils the promise of the first, which is no faint praise.

Union Army Medicos

DOCTORS IN BLUE. By George Worthington Adams. New York: Henry Schuman. 253 pp. $4.

By T. Harry Williams

THE Civil War is our most written about war. More people know more about its battles and leading personalities than any of our other conflicts. But even with the hundreds of books that have been written about the Civil War, two areas of research within it have remained almost unexplored—ordnance and military medicine. Undoubtedly the technical knowledge a researcher would have to acquire to work these fields has caused scholars to shun them, but the result has been that even specialists in Civil War history know little about the weapons and the medical practices of the period.

Dr. (Ph. D.) G. W. Adams has competently filled a part of the gap in medical history with this medical history of the Union army. His book is the first modern comprehensive treatment of the subject. It ought to be welcomed and read by every student of the Civil War. Those who do read it will find terse and interesting accounts of Medical Department administration; of the great army surgeons, Hammond, Barnes, Letterman; of hospitals, ambulance systems, and nurses; of wounds, sickness, and disease; and of operations, the treatment of infections, and other medical practices of the Sixties. Although Mr. Adams cannot be said to have a sparkling literary style, he writes in a simple and readable manner and avoids the error of employing without explaining technical medical terms. When he talks about pyemia, for example, he tells the reader what it is. Consequently the reader understands what the doctors were trying to do when they treated it.

Most people who know something about the Civil War think that the organization of the Army medical service was primitive, that the medical practices of the time were medieval and ignorant, and that many Army doctors were incompetent or callous

T. Harry Wiliams, professor of history at Louisiana State University, is the author of "Lincoln and His Generals."

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practitioners who sawed off limbs at the slightest excuse and needlessly maimed or killed many soldiers. This opinion is derived partly from the official statistics showing that over twice as many men died of disease as were killed in battle and partly from gory contemporary accounts of operations in field hospitals, in which the writers remembered the quick knife, the screams of the sufferers, and the piles of stacked-up arms and legs.

There were great inadequacies in the organization of the Medical Department, especially at the beginning of the war. Many of the medical practices were medieval, because the war occurred at the very end of what Mr. Adams calls the medical Middle Ages and right before the advent of bacteriology and aseptic surgery. There were some incompetent doctors and some poorly trained ones and some callous ones—and also some who were skilled and humane. On the issue of amputations, Mr. Adams rightly stresses that many were necessary because of the lead bullet used in the war, which had a shattering impact on human bones. On the credit side of the medical ledger, great improvements were made in administration, particularly with the organization of ambulance field work and the Army Nurse Corps, and some progress was made in scientific knowledge, which would help improve military medicine in the future and would influence the casualty figures of World War I, the first war in which fewer Americans died of disease than in battle. "The medical and sanitary record of the Civil War," Mr. Adams writes correctly, "was on the whole a good one."

A Racial Trauma

THE NEGRO FREEDMAN: Life Conditions of the American Negro in the Early Years After Emancipation. By Henderson H. Donald. New York: Henry Schuman. 270 pp. $4.

By C. VANN WOODWARD

THE shock of emancipation into a homeless, jobless, landless "freedom" left a deep scar on the mind of the American Negro. The experience might be described as a racial trauma from which a much abused people still suffer. It is of greatest importance to the Negro himself, to the people who live with him, and to the scholar who seeks to understand him to re-create accurately that historical experience of the 1860's and '70's.

Events have conspired to drop more than the ordinary number of veils of obscurity between us and the events concerned. The Southern white man dropped one such veil to justify a drastic reversal of history and conceal a painful memory. The Northern white man rang down another to hide a great failure and a shameful desertion. And the Negro hastily lowered a third upon the frustration, defeat, and humiliation that haunted him.

In the last two decades historians, with insights gained from anthropology and psychology, have been patiently lifting aside those veils and exploring what lies behind them. While a great deal remains to be done before the picture is anything like complete, these recent investigations have uncovered much that is illuminating—enough to suggest an extensive revision of the conventional view of the freedman. That which has been discovered, however, is still known only to specialists. The time is ripe therefore for a popular synthesis of the new learning in preparation for new advances.

Professor Donald has not written such a synthesis. In fact he seems entirely unaware of scores of recent works that bear directly on his subject. He makes no reference to them, and his interpretation is wholly uninfluenced by them. He has written instead a synthesis of Reconstruction scholarship of one, two, or three generations past. The result is the old stereotype of the freedman as a seriocomic character, pathetic in his ineffectuality, touching in his naivete, and grotesque in his imitations of the white man and in his new role as a citizen. The men thought emancipation meant "freedom from work," and the women "soon became 'ladies' " and donned "showy jewelry, gaudy dresses, and brilliant bonnets." Many freedmen preferred "to continue living under conditions of slavery" rather than adjust to freedom. They had "no conception of personal responsibility for crime," showed an "utterly reckless disregard of their word," and quickly "lapsed into laziness."

Although Mr. Donald makes rather haphazard use of his sources, he reports his findings disappointingly, and they undoubtedly contain many truths. But they are largely worn-out truths and they are mixed with half-truths. What is most needed to round out the whole truth is the freedman's own views of his harrowing experiences. These are harder to come by than the white man's views. But they are now available in the massive records of the Freedman's Bureau in the National Archives, in the huge collection of Negro newspapers of that period lately microfilmed by one of the learned societies, and in a dozen manuscript collections of Southern universities. The author makes no reference to any of this rich and available material.

This book comes highly recommended by sociologists. This historian must regretfully file a dissenting opinion.

"We're always glad to welcome a man who's in his second printing, General."

C. Vann Woodward, professor of American history at the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "The Origins of the New South."

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THE BARELY POSTHUMOUS GIDE

(*Continued from page 21*)

regard for her natural modesty and discretion. We had guessed at her gradual and painful recognition of his anomaly, their unconsummated union, her withdrawal from his life and rejection of his work, and even her conversion from strict Calvinism to Catholicism. And yet no one but the most jaundiced reader could have questioned Gide's many statements of his deep and exclusive love for her.

But now this essay, written in late 1938 and early 1939, only a few months after Mme. Gide's death, to which are appended unpublished extracts from Gide's "Journals" extending from 1916 to 1939, confirms our deductions and fully dissipates what some readers called the "mystery" of Emmanuèle. As we had guessed, she stood at the center of the writer's life and work. With a penetration not common in matters so close to the author's heart, Gide analyzes the progress of their painful relationship in which no explanation was ever possible. For instance, in a journal-entry of January 1921 he describes one stage thus:

> With despair he recognizes that it was only through love for him that she interested herself in those things (art, music, poetry) which for him remain the supreme occupation of his life. She ceased to take pleasure in them and to believe in them at the same time that she ceased to love him.

Then in 1939 he adds this corrective footnote:

> I was right to write the above lines in the third person, as if to disown that thought or at least to detach it from me. It would have been truer to say that, eager to free herself from her love for me, she forbade herself any domain in which I had originally accompanied her and where she feared still to encounter me. There was also in her a constant need to impoverish herself.

Lest this subtle afterthought lead any reader to identify Madeleine with Alissa of "Strait Is the Gate," it should be added that twice in this little book Gide dissociates his wife from that one or any other of his heroines. This will be a blow to Gide's prepossessed readers, especially since the reality of the Gide *ménage* at Cuverville came more and more to copy the fiction of "Strait Is the Gate" and "The Immoralist" until Madeleine seemed actually aiming to prove the truth of Wilde's paradox that nature copies art.

There is a supreme irony in the fact that Mme. Gide, who scrupulously avoided sharing in her husband's fame and wanted no part of his writings—even to the point of burning his accumulated letters in a mad yet understandable gesture of revolt, will live on in his work. This tragic story of an existence half-consciously sacrificed to the needs of genius comes to us, after all, only in his account. As Martin du Gard says in his recent "Notes sur André Gide, 1913-1951": "She left nothing in writing, no intimate note, no message for him. No one will ever know precisely what a cross she bore, what she grasped, what she suspected, what she refused to know, what she knew despite herself, what she forgave or did not forgive. She carried her secrets with her."

No one was better qualified to write both intimately and impartially of Gide than his closest friend over the last thirty years, the author of "The World of the Thibaults," who won the Nobel Prize ten years before Gide. His brief volume of notes drawn from his own unpublished journal abounds in sidelights on the composition of Gide's works, in revelations of aspects of his complex personality, and in perceptive descriptions of the tone of his voice, the quality of his laugh, and

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 457

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 457 will be found in the next issue.

JQO ZAWOYRVY DGU

RZ WVTRJO MAJ UVJ

NYRUPRUP; JQO NVDDVU

DGU RZ NYRUPRUP

MAJ UVJ WVTRJO.

—NVUCANRAZ.

Answer to Crypt No. 456

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of joy you must have somebody to divide it with. —MARK TWAIN.

Fadiman writes again!

Many an author has taunted his critics with the aphorism that men who can write, do so, and those who can't write become critics.

This doesn't fit Clifton Fadiman, who now writes a monthly piece of criticism for Holiday magazine, in our opinion, the most entertaining review of entertainment—books, theatre, radio, television—available today. Mr. Fadiman dips his pen into the milk of human kindness as often as he does into the vitriol of critique.

Having been called, among other things, "the gentle genius of delicate malice," he is by no means enjoying beginner's luck in a new field. Not too many years ago, he brought added brilliance to the brilliant pages of The New Yorker, and since then, on "Information Please" and other mature programs, he has brought a grown-up patina to those frequently infantile media, radio and television.

Holiday and Fadiman are made for each other. Here he has free rein to write about anything and everything, and if he wants to include something a bit outside the entertainment field—fine. Come to think of it, "fine" is the word for Fadiman. We suggest you read him in Holiday—now on the stands.

P. S. Also, in the current Holiday, you'll find among others S. J. Perelman, Alan Moorehead, Herbert Asbury, Lucius Beebe, James Street.

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the now ambling, now galloping gait of his conversation. Yet Martin du Gard's affection for his old friend does not blind him to such defects as Gide's often unhealthy curiosity, his occasional selfishness, and his excessive concern with the image he was to leave behind. Three pages on a certain pompous gravity he affected briefly on his return from Communism, in order to mask his incompetence or lack of interest in certain matters, are unforgettably humorous. All these remarks were shown at propitious moments to the victim, who enjoyed them keenly, as he relished any impartial criticism of himself. And well he might have in this case, since the image this book projects is one of an ever alert and vigorous mind in an equally healthy, restless body.

A no less closely observed and almost as vivid Gide emerges from "Conversations avec André Gide," by Claude Mauriac, a young critic and son of the Catholic novelist. Much longer than Martin du Gard's book, despite the fact that it covers a much shorter period of time, this volume is valuable chiefly for the fidelity with which it records prolonged conversations. A comparison of the meeting between young Mauriac and Gide in a café in 1937 with Martin du Gard's first encounter in 1913 brings out the difference between the two books, both drawn from private diaries: the novelist has the advantage of making us actually see and hear the personality he is evoking.

After frequent encounters in Paris from the end of 1937 until the spring of 1939, Claude Mauriac enjoyed the exceptional experience of daily association with Gide during a fortnight in July 1939 spent at the Mauriac estate of Malagar, in the vineyards near Bordeaux. There he wrote frantically to consign to his notebook the stimulating exchange between his father and the writer who had contributed so much to forming his father's taste and talent. But the reader feels that Gide enjoyed even more talking with the young man—perhaps with the diabolic pleasure, so well known to the Ménalque of Gide's "Fruits of the Earth," of weaning him away from the conservative middle-class and Catholic atmosphere of his home. That August Gide worked in the same direction during the ten days of intellectual congress at the Burgundian Abbey of Pontigny. Obviously the young man was fascinated and occasionally even repelled by the too studied charms and too subtle cunning of his mentor.

In the background of Claude Mauriac's book, as underneath the surface of the notes by Roger Martin du Gard, one senses the disturber of youth in Gide that often made him class himself in the company of Socrates. Both of those friends record the lamentable but perhaps inevitable fact that such an influence was not always exerted in a purely intellectual or ethical sphere. "L'Envers du Journal de Gide," by François Derais, more outspoken on the subject, deliberately presents the famous, elderly writer in a most unattractive light. Derais is the pseudonym of that little "Victor" (also a pseudonym) who plagued Gide's life in Tunis in 1942-43 and consequently occupies too many pages in the last volume of the "Journals." If the story he now tells is true, as it probably is in the main, he is justified in reproaching Gide at least as seriously as Gide reproached him.

To the admirers of Gide who already know his own confessions of homosexuality, these books can contain no revelations, but only unwelcome, corroborative details. And even after reading all the reminiscences we should still be able, without incurring the accusation of blindness, to forget one aspect of his personal life and judge his permanent influence as dispassionately as the Royal Academy of Sweden did officially in its volume in honor of "The Nobel Prizes of 1947." There we read:

> Gide has often been accused of corrupting and disorienting youth; his great influence, which cannot be denied, is regarded by many as baneful. This is the old accusation that is directed against all emancipators of the mind. There is no occasion to protest it; it is enough to consider the value of his real disciples . . . It is probably thereby, as much as or even more than by his literary work, that he decidedly deserved the signal honor Sweden has just granted him.

In a sense, the most stirring and most satisfying testimony to Gide's early posthumous reputation is the special issue of "Hommage à André Gide" brought out in November 1951 by the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* that best of European literary reviews, which was permanently suppressed in 1944. Gide had founded it in 1909 and dominated its policy until 1940, making it a model for such periodicals as *The Criterion, The Dial, Neue Deutsche Rundschau,* and *Horizon.* Occupying several shelves in all self-respecting libraries, its fifty-four volumes form one of Gide's major works. It was altogether fitting, then, that one of the founders, Jean Schlumberger, and the former editor, Jean Paulhan, should revive the periodical for one issue to do homage to its moving spirit. The plump volume of 421 pages is divided into a section of testimonies from foreign writers extending from Thomas Mann through MacLeish, Steinbeck, and Raymond Mortimer to G. Ungaretti; a section on Gide's place in letters with the best articles contributed by Saint-John Perse and François Mauriac; a collection of reminiscences by those who knew him best; and finally a group of unpublished texts of Gide. Many names are missing which with more time and better organization would have been included. With more care and a little correspondence better statements might have been secured from America instead of picking off the air the broadcasts we wrote in haste for "The Voice of America." But it is ungrateful to criticize this exciting "Hommage" with its living proof of Gide's significance to the world today. Revealing as they do that that protean spirit was not quite the same to any two people, these pious pages should contribute signally to our image of André Gide. And their very variety is a guarantee for the future.

Loneliness

By Louis Ginsberg

LONELY is our beginning and our end;
Lonely is every passage that we take
Before a mirror or beside a friend.
Lonely we sleep and lonely we awake.
Amid confusions, certainties we miss.
We wander, alien, in the mocking weather
Of Spring, when, even as lovers, as we kiss,
We do but put our loneliness together.
Baffled in labyrinths through which we guess
And haunted by the deepest needs we crave,
We keep on looking for a lost address,
Lackeyed at last by fevers to the grave,
Where we sink cold, as is, above, the stone,
Unfriended, unaccompanied, alone.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
THE AZTECS OF MEXICO *George C. Vaillant* (Penguin: 85c)	The art, religion, government, and social customs of the Aztecs from ancient times to the Spanish conquest, described by the outstanding authority of the field. Handsome illustrations.	One of the best recent popularizations of science.
THE BIG SKY *A. B. Guthrie, Jr.* (Pocket: 35c)	Pioneer life in the American West of the 1830's, as seen by Boone Caudill, a Kentucky boy who ran away from home.	A poetic, genuinely tragic story, hard and brutal, but faithful to the facts. One of the finest historical novels of our time, by a Pulitzer Prize winner.
THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE (Pocket: 35c)	The record of the spiritual struggles of a young man of the fourth century who later became a great Catholic bishop and saint. Among the questions he faced was: How can sin and evil exist if a just God is Master of the universe? Translation by Edward D. Pusey, D.D., introduction by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J.	A great classic in an attractive format deserving a place in Everyman's personal library.
CONJUGAL LOVE *Alberto Moravia* (Signet: 25c)	A wealthy, middle-aged novelist dramatically discovers his own inadequacies as an artist and the infidelity of his young wife, but ultimately works out a satisfactory way of life. Translated by Angus Davidson.	Rich and subtle fare by one of Italy's ablest writers.
THE DREAM MERCHANTS *Harold Robbins* (Bantam: 35c)	The economic and romantic vicissitudes of two families who rose from nickelodeon operators to Hollywood magnates.	A long, absorbing, generally accurate chronicle of the film industry, marred by too much melodrama and sex.
GOD HAS A LONG FACE *Robert Wilder* (Bantam: 35c)	Blustering Basil Wallis Burgoyne, leaving a checkered career behind him in the North, establishes a family and a swashbuckling tradition on Florida's east coast between Reconstruction days and the post-World War I land boom.	A winning character and situation presented in a rousingly readable yarn that, with a little more restraint, might have become a memorable saga of the Florida frontier.
OPERATION CICERO *L. C. Moyzisch* (Bantam: 25c)	An account of the sale of military secrets to the Nazis by the valet of the British ambassador to Turkey during World War II, narrated by an attache of the German embassy. This book served as the basis of the current film "5 Fingers."	An extraordinary and fascinating spy story lacking the literary style of a Greene or Ambler, but—probably—true in the main.
RENEE *H.-R. Lenormand* (Signet: 25c)	A Parisian prostitute temporarily deserts her normal way of life during the German Occupation for an idyl with an artist released from a prison camp. Translated by Frances Frenaye.	The first (and last) novel by one of the foremost French playwrights of the recent past has all the virtues of good drama: brevity, good characterization, excellent dialogue, exciting scenes.
THE SILVER HOOK *John Mortimer* (Bantam: 25c)	An English barrister, whose practice is largely in the divorce courts, falls in love with one of his clients, a young woman who is seeking a divorce from a sadistic husband.	Deftly handled study of contemporary mores, notable for its glints of humor, well-observed characters, and neat caricatures.
THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN *Lincoln Barnett* (Mentor: 35c)	An explanation for laymen of the theories physicists have evolved in their attempts to explain the workings of the universe, with emphasis on Einstein's theory of relativity.	Excellent scientific writing — clear, logical, unsensational yet engrossing.
A WORLD I NEVER MADE *James T. Farrell* (Signet: 50c)	When young Danny O'Neill goes to live with his grandmother and starts school in pre-World War I Chicago, he finds himself a stranger in a world he never made.	One of the best works of one of America's most important living novelists.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

MICHENER and the MASS MARKET

GOOD WRITERS are scarce enough... and all publishers love them dearly. But a fine writer whose books really sell rates a rather special brand of affection. Such a one is James A. Michener.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

huge Gothic castle, complete with drafty halls and secret passages, has reason to resent his return alive. The half-brother hoped to inherit, his formidably unpleasant mother wants him to, while even the pleasant-seeming cousin, Theo, knows he would inherit if the other three were dead. But the quiet, soft-spoken dandy quickly reveals himself as a combination of the best of Beau Brummell and Hercule Poirot. Surviving countless attempts on his life and winning all but one heart by his skill at everything from dueling to conversation, he eventually uncovers his would-be murderer and marries the girl one does not expect him to.

Historical novel addicts, particularly those who read "Arabella" and "The Grand Sophy," and those who love a mystery may find Miss Heyer's blending of the two forms as good as a sedative. There are plenty of not-to-be-taken-too-seriously shivers, period descriptions of clothing, hunting, castles, and love of the most unimpugnable kind (sex stops with hand kissing and men only look at hands and faces). Some of its readers may doubt, however, that it quite gives the "fine combination of the best of both Dickens and Jane Austen" one reviewer found in "Arabella." I find myself unable to do more than praise it with faint damns.

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

AIR BRIDGE. By Hammond Innes. Knopf. $3.50. An RAF veteran takes over a revolutionary German engine (more miles to the gallon) and, dedicating himself to the cause of a world air-freight service, determines to let nothing stand in his way. Four people do (two men and two women), and Mr. Ruthless (whose real name is Saeton) mows 'em down, or tries to.

The plot involves the theft of a cargo plane—an affair which is deftly and secretly managed. The scene is laid partly in England, partly along the route of the late airlift, with some exciting moments in the Russian zone of occupation. Saeton himself is a plausible villain, and the remaining principals (two other RAF veterans, the American wife of one, and the German girl whose father perfected the appropriated engine) are endowed with an equal degree of actuality. The plot is ingenious and logical, and excitingly carried out. The narrator, who is the chief anti-Saetonite, gets into one of those jams in which nobody will believe a word he says, and such situations frequently impose a considerable strain on the reader's credulity. Whether, in this instance, that strain is justified will depend on individual reaction. The gamble is certainly worth taking, for the story is always interesting, always lively, and occasionally breathtaking. Mr. Innes's handling of the technical problems involved (which need not worry the non-engineering mind) has a smoothness that may be born of experience or of diligent study, but, whatever its source, it is well managed and effective, and sharpens the edge of reality that gives the story its grip and tenseness.

—ANTHONY RICHARDSON.

JUMPING JUPITER. By Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. Crowell. $3. Ernestine Gilbreth Carey, the established co-author of "Cheaper by the Dozen," etc., has at last struck out on her own. Without any assist from her brother, Frank, she has written single-handedly what is described in dust-jacket parlance as "a breezy novel" about a department store. It's called "breezy," I guess, because Thomas Y. Crowell doesn't want you coming around complaining after you've laid out three dollars that you didn't find the book profound or serious or anything like that.

Well, let's begin with p. 1. Kay Linsey, a twenty-five-year-old buyer for a Fifth Avenue establishment, is upset. Seems she has just arrived at her office "a half hour late"; she must find a gimmick to get her own department out of the post-Christmas sales doldrums of 1937, or else; her father is dying in a sanitarium; her sister, at Vassar, needs "a new evening dress in the worst possible way"; her immediate boss, a sort of Harold Stassen of store politics, irritates her so deeply that by p. 180 she is saying to herself, "I'd like to kick him hard where it hurts"; and she doesn't know until p. 235, two pages before it's all over, whether she is in love with Hank Hughes, of Grand Rapids, who after all has "a nice voice, so deep and booming."

Still, Mrs. Carey, always lighthearted, occasionally satirical but never forgetful she is writing a "breezy" novel, keeps Kay's head above water, mainly by tossing her a lifeline of Jumping Jupiters—toy goats along the lines of hobby-horses. Jupiter, of course, becomes an instantaneous fad; Kay, of course, becomes a success; and the problems of tardiness, father, sister, boss, and Hank are disposed of, too. If Hollywood can decide who'll play Jupiter, it should make a wonderful movie.

—BERNARD KALB.

—Jacket design for "Angle of Attack."

ANGLE OF ATTACK. By Joseph Landon. Doubleday. $2.75. Dangerous air fighting by a bomber's crew in World War II provides the exciting action-background for this latest war novel which tackles the problem of a man's personal struggle to achieve identification with his group, self-realization, and a sense of purpose. Lieut. Win Helman, navigator of a bombing crew, is the man in Joseph Landon's book. Win and his crew had already been on more than thirty bombing missions and were the oldest crew operating from their particular base in Italy. Their problems started when, captured in the air by a German fighter plane, they violated their pledge of surrender to shoot down their captors. Thereafter through scenes of mounting tension we watch their disintegration as a team. We see also Win's struggle to come to terms with himself, as he strives to understand what he has done, what he personally believes

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Juno and the Peacock," by Sean O'Casey. 2. "Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane. 3. "The Corn Is Green," by Emlyn Williams. 4. "The Sea-Gull," by Anton Chekov. 5. "Winterset," by Maxwell Anderson. 6. "The Glass Menagerie," by Tennessee Williams. 7. "Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck. 8. "The Hasty Heart," by John Patrick. 9. "Victoria Regina," by Laurence Housman. 10. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolf Besier. 11. "Life with Father," by Clarence Day. 12. "Death of a Salesman," by Arthur Miller. 13. "Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill. 14. "Anna Christie," by Eugene O'Neill. 15. "You Can't Take It with You," by Moss Hart and George Kaufman. 16. "The Women," by Clare Boothe.

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about what he had done, a struggle complicated by the fact that Win is at all times conscious that he is a Jew and has, therefore, a feeling of separation.

Joseph Landon has neatly and persuasively fused his scenes of combat action with his treatment of his hero's developing inner conflict. His writing is authoritative and his insights deeply moving. Only at the end does he betray the hand of the contriving novelist. The irony which has the hero of a war novel conveniently killed just as he has resolved his problems and the book is about to close is getting tired from overwork. Surely not all of the men who achieved understanding in action were killed. This flaw may be regarded as minor but it tends to obviate much of the meaning of the struggle that has gone before.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DAUGHTER OF TIME *Josephine Tey* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Inspector Grant, New Scotland Yard, in hospital with fractured leg, worries about Princes in Tower: Was Richard III framed?	Yank researcher supplies footwork and acts as conversational foil; adroit specialty job, competently assembled, engagingly told.	For upper I.Q.'s
THE WIDOW OF BATH *Margot Bennett* (Crime Club: $2.50)	British ex-judge develops hole in head; two more deaths follow; Inspector Leigh and Civilian Everton quiz and act.	Highly mannered yarn, with some fun, some good dialogue, but too little construction; overwhimsied in spots.	Fancyish
VERONICA DIED MONDAY *Geri Trotta* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Red-headed N. Y. gal done in; neighbor-lady, curious, peers into demise; cops do same for pay.	Progress of story is impeded by excess of digressions, divertissements, wisecracks.	Chattery
EPITAPH FOR A SPY *Eric Ambler* (Knopf: $3)	Stateless language prof. (he's a camera bug) films way into espionage jam on Riviera; cops use him for bait.	Dozen hotel guests, all suspects, convincingly portrayed; suspense excellent; nice dabs of humor.	Good
HANGMAN'S HARVEST *M. E. Chaber* (Holt: $2.50)	Milo March, Denver op, flies to Cal. town to kefauver rackets mess; civic virtue triumphs, but hero wins scars as well as spurs.	Booze and nudity abound; plotting rather naive, but some good chatter; cops are stinkers.	Grade B toughie
NO HEAD FOR HER PILLOW *Sam S. Taylor* (Dutton: $2.50)	Cal. newspaper editor with arty daughters hires Op Neal Cotten to pry into slot-machine setup; pugilism, politics, and putrefaction abound.	Frantic goings-on include one lynching as well as usual grist of less public slaughters.	So-so
TO CATCH A THIEF *David Dodge* (Random House: $2.50)	Yank gem-lifter, living on Riviera in retirement, feels gendarmes' hot breath on neck when new expert steals technique.	Nice guide to Cote d'Azur resorts; characters properly miscellaneous; no murders (but one incidental corpse).	Will do
VENOM HOUSE *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Double forcible drownings draw Inspector Bonaparte to Australian country home and into proximity with tough customers, male and female.	Brisk, breezy; detective's plodding logic nice foil for wooziness of many of personnel.	Plus mark
THE DIARY *William Ard* (Rinehart: $2.50)	N. Y. tycoon calls in Pvt. Op. Timothy Dane to recover eighteen-year-old daughter's journal; scene shifts to Harlem and hail of lead, rackets, politics.	Gal in case incredibly brattish, cops woodheads and worse, but pace is heady and affairs move.	Exciting (some)

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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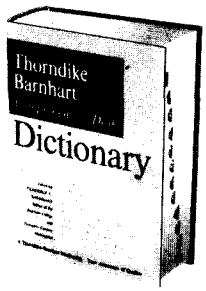

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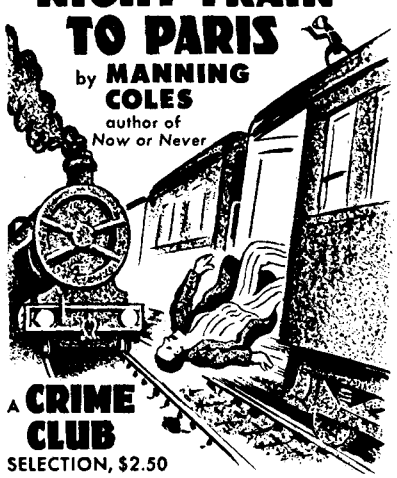

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SPRING FLOWERING

LONG before Washington's birthday came around the spring books were accumulating on this reviewer's shelves, shouting for attention. Outstanding among them was "The Glob" which had already taken its place on the newsstands through a current number of *Life*. An encouraging group of new picture books has already appeared, and there are some interesting stories for younger boys and girls. We are keeping a weather eye out for new poetry. With the exception of the new verses in Eleanor Farjeon's "Poems for Children" there was very little poetry in the books of 1951. Strenuous efforts are being made by the publishers to give boys and girls readable books about the story of their own country. It is vitally important that they should be really *good*, that they should truly represent a nation that has accepted world leadership in terms that children can comprehend. This is a weighty subject. In these early spring days it is rather a relief to turn from weighty subjects to books that are as gay and alluring as the tulips and daffodils in the windows of the flower shops.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE GLOB. Story by John O'Reilly. Pictures by Walt Kelly. New York: The Viking Press. 63 *pp.* $1.50.

Everyone who reads the *New York Herald Tribune* knows John O'Reilly. For a number of years this reviewer, entranced with the zest and humor that he gets into his reporting, has tried to persuade editors of children's books to do something about him. Now the Viking Press *has* done something. It not only offers his first book, but also presents Walt Kelly of "Pogo" as the illustrator. The combination is irresistible.

"The Glob" is the story of the evolution of man, told for anyone from seven to seventy who wants to read it and to enjoy the drawings. Children will think of it as a fascinating adventure story. Their elders will wonder, as they chuckle over it, if it does not tell the story of every child who ever grew up—including themselves. "The Glob" evolves slowly and logically from "a shapeless thing floating to and fro in the tide of the early seas" to the likeness of man. It takes him ten eons to evolve, and in each eon he does something for the first time. He climbs the first tree, has the first stomach ache, makes the first joke, and laughs the first laugh. He builds the first fire, draws the first picture, sings the first song, speaks the first word. Finally he meets another extremely primitive man and has the first fight. "The Glob" is a sensible, endearing creature, so he very sensibly decides that fraternizing is better than fighting. He finds and trains the first dog. He shows the other creatures how to live in caves rather than in tree tops. When the tribe has so grown that it exhausts the fire wood and animal food of the region, the Glob makes the first speech and leads them to new pastures. In the final drawing we see him starting off with the dog, Pip, followed willingly by the entire tribe.

This is a wise and amusing book. The strong black-and-white-drawings, beautifully reproduced, tell the story as effectively as does the text. We must hope that this is but the beginning of a happy partnership.

GWENDOLYN. Story by Ruth Helm. Pictures by Madeleine Gekiere. New York: Oxford University Press. 48 *pp.* $2.

This is a very funny picture book. First, we accept the fact that Tommy's Uncle Henry, a tree expert, had fallen from a ladder and broken his arm and leg—a fact that worried Tommy. Secondly, we learn that Tommy had read a book about giraffes in which it said that they ate the tops of trees. Tommy decided that a giraffe could trim the trees effectively while Uncle Henry was "out of commission." Enter Gwendolyn. Tommy went to the Zoo and hired her for four dollars a week. Gwendolyn was a sad giraffe—sad because she pined for the acacia trees of her native Africa. However, she did a good job of trimming the trees and, in the meantime, developed the ability to talk, in a rather gruff, mournful voice. But she remained sad until Uncle Henry's boss, Mr. Griffin, decided to take a vacation and escorted Gwendolyn to her native land where she could eat acacia trees in peace. Before leaving, he gave Uncle Henry six months leave with pay, so Tommy was satisfied. The illustrations, line drawings with a background of color, are amusing and original.

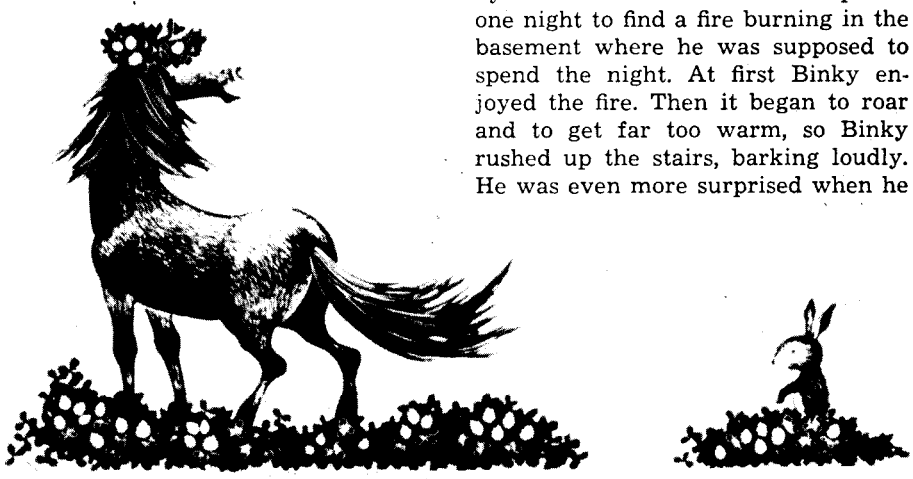
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. No paging. $1.25.

Little old horse
Little old horse
Where have you been?
In the clover, of course
Said the little old horse
That's where I've been.

On each page of this attractive, well-bound little book the bird or animal answers the question in the title. Barbara Cooney's drawings are especially attractive.

BINKY'S FIRE. By Sally Scott. Illustrated by Beth Krush. New York: Harbourt, Brace & Co. No paging. $1.75.

Binky was a puppy who loved to sit by the fire. He was rather surprised one night to find a fire burning in the basement where he was supposed to spend the night. At first Binky enjoyed the fire. Then it began to roar and to get far too warm, so Binky rushed up the stairs, barking loudly. He was even more surprised when he



—By Barbara Cooney from "Where Have You Been?"

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was not considered a sinner for disturbing the family, but a hero for giving the alarm. The drawings of Binky are very amusing. They are brush drawings that make an awkward puppy endearing.

LAMBERT'S BARGAIN. By Clare Turley Newberry. With drawings by the author. New York: Harper & Bros. 31 pp. $1.50.

This is the reissue of a book published just before the war. In it Clare Newberry departs from her usual style and presents line drawings to tell the story of Lambert. Lambert set out to buy a birthday present for his sister Ivy. He wandered into a pet shop and found there a hyena named Henry, who was for sale at a very reduced price. He bought Henry, but when he presented him Ivy burst into tears. Henry laughed merrily at everything that anyone in the family said or did. They found this exasperating. Curiously enough, when Uncle Jasper came for a visit Henry immediately became sober, not to say mournful. Only when Lambert's father slipped and fell flat on the floor did Henry laugh. Delighted to see a hyena do what nature intended him to do, Uncle Jasper begged the family to give him Henry, and the two of them went happily off together. The book is simply and beautifully designed.

KINGS AND QUEENS. By Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon. With forty colored plates by Rosalind Thornycroft. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 87 pp. $2.75.

The first book of 1952 to come to this reviewer's desk is a book for all ages and an old friend. It was in 1933 that it was first imported from England, and its humor and colorful drawings were approved by old and young here in America. Then it went out of print and has been unavailable for several years. In this new edition two Kings are added: Edward VIII and George VI. The English Kings and Queens begin with William the Conqueror. Each full-page drawing in color has at the bottom illuminating little background scenes. It is a delightful book, distinguished for the grace and humor in both the poets and the artist. It is good to have it again.

HUNCH, MUNCH AND CRUNCH: More about the Jonquils. By Charles Norman. Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham. New York: Harper & Bros. 46 pp. $2.

In this third story about Jane Jonquil and her attractive father they go

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to Central Park, visit the Zoo, stop at the restaurant for a picnic lunch, which they eat under the trees. At the same time they feed three enterprising squirrels whom they call Hunch, Munch, and Crunch. The drawings of the Zoo and the Park, with a background of the New York skyline, are even better than those in the first two books. Mr. Jonquil breaks into verse about the animals, the ones that describe the baboon, the lion, and the leopard being particularly good.

SUE'S CIRCUS HORSE. By Judith M. Berrisford. Illustrated by Leslie Atkinson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 180 *pp.* $2.50.

In this story, an importation from England, Sue buys a white Arab mare that has been trained as a circus horse. Ballita seemed gentle and was certainly beautiful, but she found it difficult to forget the tricks that had made her a favorite in the circus. She insisted upon doing her "dying for the King" act in the middle of traffic. When she heard a band playing a waltz she jumped up on the ice-cream stand and danced gracefully, scattering bottles, dishes, and food in all directions. When a circus came to the little town, Ballita ran away and joined it. But the trainer was a hard, brutal man and in a short time Ballita was ready to go back to Sue. When Sue asked her: "You really are my horse now—for always, aren't you?" Ballita bowed her graceful head. Ballita is an unusual horse heroine.

THE BUFFALO KNIFE. By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 177 *pp.* $2.25.

It is not easy to write a story of pioneer days in America that has holding power for the younger children. Mr. Steele succeeds in reproducing the atmosphere and background of the early days in the Southwest and telling a story that is interesting from the introduction of its young hero to the end of the long, perilous journey. It was in 1782 that the Clark family, joining with Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their son Isaac, decided to travel a thousand miles by flatboat from their home in Tennessee to French Salt Lick. Andy Clark's Uncle Aswell was a Long Hunter and made the trip by land. He gave Andy a buffalo knife, and Andy longed to go with him; but Mr. Clark needed all the help he could get on the flatboat, so Andy rather reluctantly went with his family. He promptly lost the buffalo knife, thereby adding to his discontent. Andy was only nine years old, but in that long, dangerous, uncomfortable journey he proved himself a man. The difficult rapids in the rivers that they followed, the constant menace of hostile Indians, the everyday difficulties of feeding and caring for two families are so vividly described, so warmed with humor and human relationships that the interest never flags. When Uncle Aswell finally joins them, with Andy's lost knife, the boys and girls who read this story will give a sigh of heartfelt relief. It is printed in a clear type and has many black-and-white illustrations.

JEB ELLIS OF CANDLEMAS BAY. By Ruth Moore. Illustrated by William N. Wilson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

Ruth Moore has herself abridged this story from her novel, "Candlemas Bay." It is centered in Jeb's determination to leave school and be a fisherman, in his mother's struggle to keep the household going after his father is drowned, and in the slow, sure development of Jeb's character. It ends with Grampie's death and Jeb's departure for the diesel school to begin his training. Although Jeb is the central figure, the impact of the two aunts and Grampie on the story remains, as does his mother's character. Strong in the background of the Maine coast, it is an excellent adventure story for older boys and girls.

JOHNNY REB. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Ralph Ray. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

This story of the Civil War for older boys and girls is lightened by the humor, the lively dialogue, and the skilful characterization that we expect from Merritt Allen. It is realistic, with no "soft-pedaling" of the waste and suffering, the personal tragedy of those terrible years. It is the story of Ezra Todd, who fought under General Wade Hamilton and Jeb Stuart. As a story it has a rather special meaning just now. Sherman's famous remark about war is emphasized by the description of the chaos that he left behind him on his march to the sea. The scene when General Hamilton's oldest son is killed is almost unbearably sad. Ezra fought with and for the Confederacy, and yet there was no bitterness in his heart when the South lost. The story leaves the impression that men will accept and endure war.

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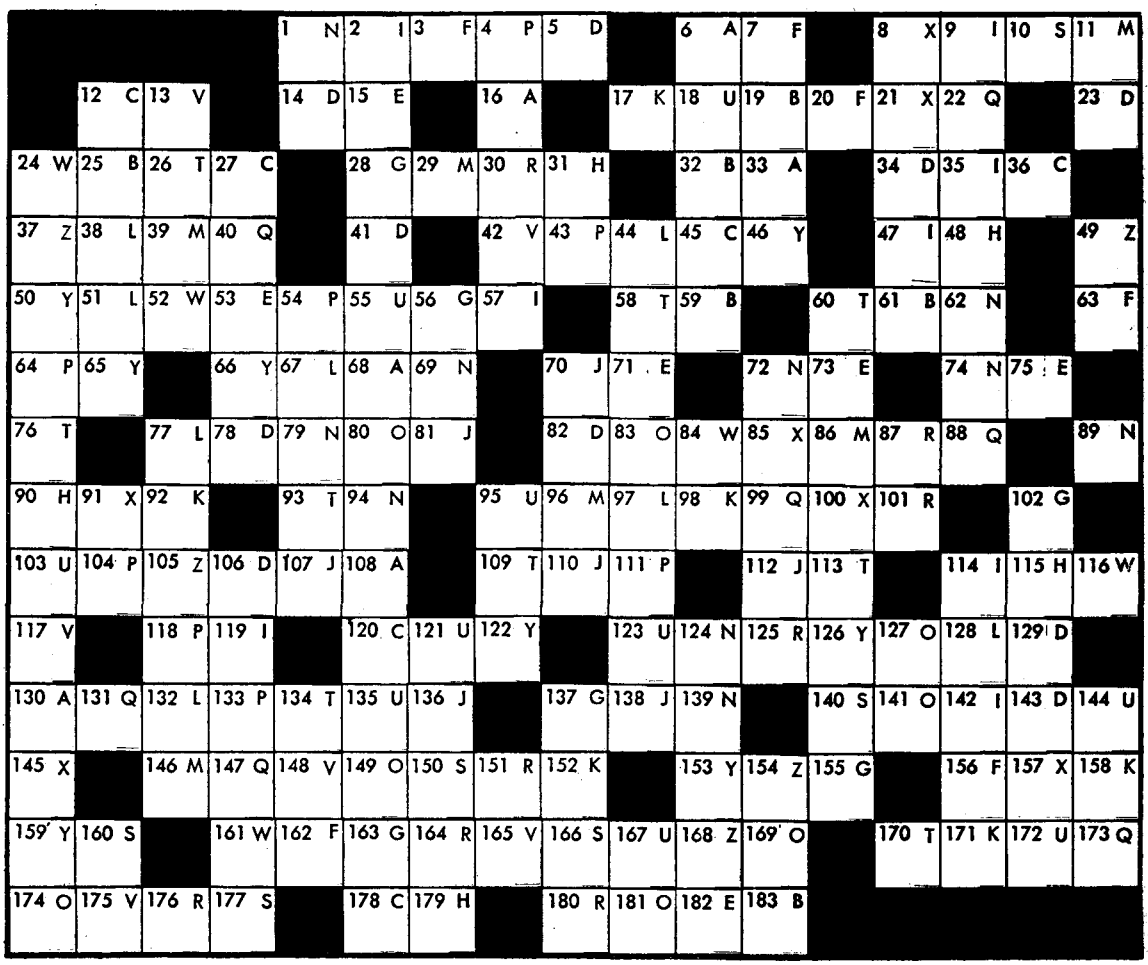
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Among South Africans, a conference.	6 33 108 16 130 68
B. A raw recruit; a novice (slang).	19 25 59 183 32 61
C. English diplomat and poet whose life was written by Izaak Walton, his friend (1568-1639).	36 120 12 27 178 45
D. Not to be conquered.	41 78 82 106 129 34 23 14 143 5
E. German physicist and chemist; awarded Nobel Prize in chemistry, 1920 (1864-1941).	53 15 182 75 73 71
F. Sword-shaped (bot. and zool.).	3 63 7 20 156 162
G. A small rectangular black in a series projecting like teeth, as under the corona of a cornice, etc. (arch. and furniture, etc.).	155 163 56 137 102 28
H. Current American musician and composer, author of the folk opera on Stephen Vincent Benet's story, "The Devil and Daniel Webster."	48 115 90 179 31
I. The heir apparent or prince of the royal family among Anglo-Saxons.	9 114 2 35 142 47 119 57
J. A fashionable residential section of San Francisco in early days (2 wds.).	136 110 112 138 70 107 81
K. A disturbed state.	171 92 158 152 17 98
L. Persons or things of no account.	97 38 132 67 44 128 51 77
M. Last name in a Dickens title of one whose first name, not in the title, was Amy.	11 96 39 86 29 146

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Abstracted from all circumstances or relations.	139 94 1 72 69 79 89 74 124 62
O. Agreeable to reason.	83 141 174 127 181 169 149 80
P. Old town in SW Scotland containing the first stone church built in Scotland, 397, by St. Ninian.	133 43 118 111 104 64 4 54
Q. To attend to what is uttered.	147 88 99 173 40 131 22
R. Wisdom or perception that comes later than it can be of use.	101 30 164 125 151 180 87 176
S. Long, slender, inferior cigars, tapering at the end (slang U. S.).	150 166 140 10 160 177
T. Inoculates with a virus of horsepox against smallpox.	113 170 26 93 109 76 58 134 60
U. Annamese, under the ancient name of the province (given to an independent republic since 1946; comp.).	167 55 135 18 121 172 95 144 103 123
V. Popular tale of travels in the Near East by Kinglake, 1844.	175 13 42 165 148 117
W. A short breastpiece of cloth or silk fitted to a Roman collar; black for priests in the R.C. Church.	116 84 161 24 52
X. Saint associated with the weather, July 15th.	8 91 85 145 157 21 100
Y. County, bay, peninsula, on Lake Superior in northern Michigan.	46 122 65 50 159 126 153 66
Z. Port on the Red Sea, seaport of Medina.	37 168 154 49 105



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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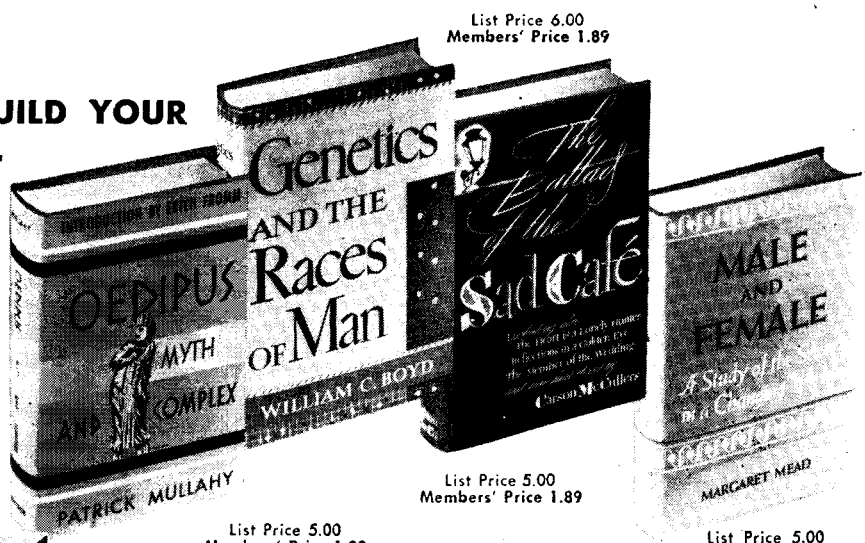

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